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THE
MUSES
Looking-Glass;
(OR,
The Stage Re-View'd.)
A COMEDY.

Written by the Incomparable
Mr. THOMAS RANDOLPH;

And now Revis'd, and Corrected from
the many Errors of former Editions.

With a *Prefatory Epistle* to Mr. Collier.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

L O N D O N,
Printed, and are to be Sold by the Bookfellers
of *London and Westminster.* 1706. 13

MUSEUM

Looking Glass;



COMPTON

With the indispensable

MA. THOMAS RANDOLPH;

and now Royal, and corrected from
the original notes by former Editors.

With a Preface by Mr. Compton.

Printed and sold by W. Compton,

LONDON.

Printed and sold by the Bookellers
of London and Westminster, 1766.

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To the Reverend
Mr. *Jeremy Collier*, M. A.

WHEN we make this Present to the Celebrated Author of the *View of the Immorality and Prophaneness of the Stage*, the censorious Reader will be apt to charge us with a very indifferent Choice of a Patron, believing a Dramatical Oblation of Poetry must find but cold Reception from such a *Mæcenas* Hand ; And 'tis true, on this Occasion the World may but too naturally draw that Conclusion from the first Aspect of such an *Epistle Dedicatory*. However, as it is not the first time that Man-
kind has been mistaken even in

The Epistle.

Matters of weightier moment, we shall endeavour to confute that Popular Censure, by not only doing Justice to the Character of so warm a Champion of Virtue, so strenuous a Combatant against the Looseness and Libertinism of the Present *Theatrical Performances*, but likewise so far defend the Merits of the small Present we now make you, as to render it even worthy the Acceptance of a *Jeremy Collier*.

In all the rigid Virtue and Chastity the Ancient Hierarchy ascrib'd to their *Cynthian* Goddess, as Divine a Maiden Professor as that Cold-rein'd Deity was represented, 'twas possible still to tune a Song, tho' 'twas of Love it self, so shiningly dress'd up in the Graces of Modesty, and so beautify'd with Honour and Innocence, as might be sung at the wh

Lex

The Epistle.

Levé of a *Diana*: A *Lucrece* and a *Cornelia* might herd even with her own Virgin Train, and approach her very Shrine, without giving either an Offence or a Blush to so reserv'd a Divinity.

'Tis much, *Worthy Sir*, on the same Basis of Desert, that this *Dramatical Piece* we now tender you has founded its just Pretension of selecting *Your Self* for a Patron: For this is the Product of an untainted Muse; an Academical Birth, usher'd first into the Light by the hand of an *Alma Mater* for its *Lucina*. 'Twas in her down serener Air, on the Banks of her own Chrystal Cham, that purer of *Hypocrene* Stream, her *Randolph* only sprung; not a Conception of that so looser Poetry, the Product of that muddier *Helicon* Strand, where the whole Flux and Reflux of all the
giddy

The Epistle.

giddy Vanities of the World come rowling from the *Thames's* pouring Urn to this Licentious City.

For its farther Recommendation to your favourable Entertainment, this Poetical Labour was compiled in an Age when the Stages Levity was not grown so hardy; when Prophaneness and Immorality were not altogether so barefac'd in the wide Theatre of the World, much less beneath the narrower Playhouse-Roof; when Men knew how to be Witty without being Lewd; and when Canting Delusions and Hypocritical Sowerness were but in their Infancy. 'Twas then the Genius of our Author (to prevent the growth of Crimes he saw come stealing on) was mov'd to represent the Odiousness of our most darling Faults, and shew (as in a Glass) the Spots and Blemishes of Human Life; Which

The Epistle.

he perform'd with so much Art and Judgment, as justly gain'd him the Applause of all who saw it on the Stage, and has since recommended it to the Publick in many Impressions.

These several Impressions we have examin'd, and finding them to be very Erroneous, have us'd our utmost Care in correcting, that so it may appear in the World perfect, as it deserves; A Piece not intended so much for the Diversion of a *Publick Stage*, as that of a *Private Closet*; a small Volume of *University Wit*, calculated (as we may call it) for the place of its own *Nativity*, being a Composition of that *Innocent Poetry*, that neither sham'd the *Author* that writ it, the *Age* that produc'd it, nor the *Hand* that receiv'd it; so wholly inoffensive to *Morals* or *Religion*, as not unworthy the Honour of an Admission

The Epistle.

mission amongst the Massier Volumes of Learning and Divinity, into the Study of a Collegiate Professor, and there at least to take the Left-hand of a *Herbert* himself.

Wou'd all the Poetical *Mirrouers* of this later Age shew no worse Faces in them than in our *Muses Looking-Glass*; Had the Language of Poetry never launch'd beyond the Style of a *Randolph*,

————— *Omnia si sic*
Dixisset —————

The *Muses*, the true Virgin Daughters of *Apollo*, had preserv'd their Native Virtue, and the Stage had never had an occasion of waking the Genius of a *Collier* for its Correction.

Under

The Epistle.

Under the Umbrage therefore of
these Recommendatory Qualities,
this little Book revives into the World,
and begs the Happiness of taking
Shelter under your own Generous
Protection.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

B Ird
 Flowerdew
 Roscius
 A deform'd Fellow.
 Comedy
 Tragedy
 Mime
 Satyr
 Colax
 Dyscolus
 Deilus
 Aphobus
 Acolastus
 Anaisthetus
 Asotus
 Aneleutherus
 Banausus
 Microprepes

Caunus
 Micropsychus
 Orgylus
 Aorgus
 Alafon
 Eiron
 Philotimia
 Luparus
 Anaiskyntia
 Kataplectus
 Nimis } *Justices?*
 Nihil }
 Plus } *Clerks?*
 Parum }
 Agroicus
 Bomolochus
 Mediocrity

T H E M U S E S Looking-Glass.

Actus I. Scen I.

Enter Bird a Feather-man, and Mrs. Flowrdew, Wife to a Haberdasher of small Wares; the one having brought Feathers to the Play-House; the other Pins and Looking-glasses; two of the sanctified Fraternity of Black-Fryers.

Flowr. **S**EE Brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To Works of Vanity! Not a nook or corner
In all this House of Sin, this Cave of Filthiness,

This Den of spiritual Thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuffed, and stuff'd full as is a Cushion
With the lewd Reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before Inns?
Yes, I will say Inns, for my Zeal bids me
Say filthy Inns, enough to harbour such
As travell'd to Destruction the broad way;
But they build more and more, more Shops of Satan?

Flowrd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure Zeal
Teach, preach, puff, puff, and snuff at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth. —Had we seen a Church,
A New-built Church, erected North and South,
It had been something worth the wondring at.

Bird. Good Works are done.

Flowrd. I say no Works are good;
Good Works are meerly Popish, and Apocryphal.

B

Bird.

Bird. But th' bad abound, surround, yea and confound
 No marvel now if Play-houses increase,
 For they are all grown so obscene of late,
 That one begets another.

Flowrd. Flat Fornication !
 I wonder any body takes delight
 To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard
 That in a——Tragedy I think they call it,
 They make no more of killing one another,
 Than you sell Pins.

Flowrd. Or you sell Feathers, Brother.——
 But are they not hang'd for it ?

Bird. Law grows partial,
 And finds it but Chance-medly. And their Comedies
 Will abuse You, or Me, or any Body ;
 We cannot put our Monies to increase
 By lawful Usury, nor break in quiet,
 Nor put off our false Wares, nor keep our Wives
 Finer than others, but our Ghosts must walk
 Upon their Stages.

Flowrd. Is not this flat Conjuring,
 To make our Ghosts to walk e're we be dead ?

Bird. That's nothing, Mistriſs *Flowrdew*, they will play
 The Knave, the Fool, the Devil and all for Money.

Flow. Impiety ! O that men indued with Reason
 Should have no more Grace in 'em !

Bird. Be there not other
 Vocations as thriving, and more honest ?
 Bayliffs, Informers, Jaylors, and Apparitors,
 Beadles, and Martial's-men, the needful Instruments
 Of the Republique ? but to make themselves
 Such Monsters ! for they are Monsters, th' are Monsters
 Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
 Pernititious Monsters.

Flow. I have heard our Vicar
 Call Play-Houses the Colleges of Transgression,
 Wherein the seven deadly Sins are study'd.

Bird

Bird. Why then the City will in time be made
An University of Iniquity.

We dwell by *Black-Fryers* College, where I wonder
How that prophane Nest of pernicious Birds
Dare roost themselves, there, in the midst of Us,
So many good and well disposed Persons !
O Impudence !

Flow. It was a zealous Prayer
I heard a Brother make, concerning Play-Houses.

Bird. For Charity what is it ?

Flow. That the *Globe*,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole World of Vice;
Had been consum'd ; The *Phoenix* burnt to Ashes ;
The *Fortune* whipt for a blind Whore ; *Black-Fryers*,
He wonders how it escap'd demolishing
I'th' time of Reformation : Lastly, he wish'd
The *Bull* might cross the *Thames* to the *Bear-Garden*,
And there be soundly baited.

Bird. A good Prayer.

Flow. Indeed it something pricks my Conscience,
I come to sell 'em Pins and Looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their Custom too for all their Feathers :
'Tis fit that we which are sincere Professors
Should gain by Infidels.

Enter Roscius a Player.

Mr. *Roscius*, we have brought the things you spoke for.

Rosc. Why 'tis well.

Flow. Pray, Sir, what serve they for ?

Rosc. We use them in our Play.

Bird. Are you a Player ?

Rosc. I am, Sir : what of that ?

Bird. And is it lawful ?——

Good Sister, let's convert him.—Will you use
So fond a Calling ?

Flow. And so impious ?

Bird. So irreligious ?

B 2

Flow.

Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by Vice?

Flow. To live by Sin?

Rosc. My Spleen is up.—And live not you by Sin?
Take away Vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful Trade of selling Pins,
But to joynt Gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorget, Strips; Neck-cloths, Laces, Ribbons, Ruffs,
And many other such like Toys as these,
To make the Baby Pride a pretty Puppet?——
And you (sweet Featherman) whose Ware, tho' light
Oreweighs your Conscience, what serves your Trade
But to plume Folly, to give Pride her Wings,
To deck Vain-glory? spoiling the Peacock's Tail,
T' adorn an Idior's Coxcomb? O dull Ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! They abuse our Scene,
And say we live by Vice: indeed 'tis true,
As the Physicians by Diseases do,
Only to cure 'em: They do live, we see,
Like Cooks, by pamp'ring Prodigality,
Which are our fond Accusers. On the Stage
We set an Usurer, to tell this Age
How ugly looks his Soul: A Prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His Folly bears him: Boldly I dare say,
There has been more by us in some one Play
Laugh'd into Wit and Verrue, than have been
By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from Sin,
And foppish Humours; Hence the Cause doth rise,
Men are not won by th' Ears so well as Eyes.——
First see what we present.

Flow. The sight is able

T' unsanctify our Eyes, and make 'em carnal.

Rosc. Will you condemn without Examination?

Bird. No, Sister, let us call up all our Zeal,
And try the strength of this Temptation:
Satan shall see we dare defie his Engines.

Flow. I am content.

Rosc.

Looking-Glass.

5

Rosc. Then take your places here ; I will come to
And moralize the Plot. (you,

Flow. That Moralizing
I do approve, it may be for Instruction.

Enter a deformed Fellow.

Defor. Roscius, I hear you have a new Play to day.

Rosc. We want not you to play *Mephistopholis*.
A pretty natural Vizard !

Defor. What have you there ?

Rosc. A Looking-glass, or two.

Defor. What things are they ?

Pray let me see 'em.—Heaven, what fights are here !
I've seen a Devil. Looking-glasses call you them ?
There is no Basilisk but a Looking-glass.

Rosc. 'Tis your own Face you saw.

Defor. My own ! thou liest :

I'd not be such a Monster for the World.

Rosc. Look in it now with me. What seest thou now ?

Defor. An Angel and a Devil.

Rosc. Look on that

Thou call'dst an Angel ; mark it well, and tell me,
Is it not like my Face ?

Defor. As 'twere the same.

Rosc. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see ?

'Tis not the Glass, but thy Deformity,
That makes this ugly shape ; if they be fair
That view the Glass, such the Reflections are.
This serves the Body : The Soul sees her Face
In Comedy, and has no other Glass.

Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather see
Hell than a Looking-glass or Comedy. *Exit Defor.*

Rosc. And yet, methinks, if 'twere not for this Glass,
Wherein the form of Man beholds his Grace,
We could not find another way to see
How near our Shapes approach Divinity.
Ladies, let they who will your Glass deride,
And say it is an Instrument of Pride :

I will commend you for it ; there you see,
 If you be fair, how truly fair ye be :
 Where finding beauntious Faces, I do know
 You'll have the greater Care to keep 'em so.
 A heavenly Vision in your Beauty lies,
 Which Nature hath deny'd to your own Eyes :
 Were it not pity You alone should be
 Debarr'd of that others are blest to see ?
 Then take your Glasses, and your selves enjoy
 The Benefit of your selves ; it is no toy,
 Though Ignorance at slight Esteem hath set her,
 That will preserve us good, or make us better.
 A Country Slut (for such she was, though here
 I th' City may be some as well as there)
 Kept her Hands clean, (for those being always seen
 Had told her else how sluttish she had been)
 But had her Face as nasty as the Stall
 Of a Fishmonger, or a Usurer's Hall
 Daub'd 'ore with Dirt : One might have dar'd to say,
 She was a true piece of *Prometheus* Clay,
 Not yet inform'd : And then her matted Hair
 Drest up with Cobwebs, made her hag-like stare.
 One day within her Pail (for Country Lasses
 (Fair Ladies) have no other Looking-glasses :)
 She spied her Ugliness, and fain she would
 Have blush'd, if thorough so much Dirt she could :
 Asham'd, within that Water, that I say,
 Which shew'd her Filth, she wash'd her Filth away !
 So Comedies, as Poets do intend 'em,
 Serve first to shew our Faults, and then to mend 'em.
 Upon our Stage two Glasses oft there be,
 The *Comick Mirrour*, and the *Tragedy* :
 The Comick Glas is full of merry Strife,
 The low Reflection of a Country Life ;
 Grave Tragedy, void of such homely Sports,
 Is the sad Glas of Cities and of Courts.—
 I'll shew you both.—*Thalia*, come and bring
 Thy Buskin'd Sister, that of Blood doth sing.

Enter

Enter Comedy, Tragedy, Mimes, Satyre.

Comed. Why do you stop? Go on.

Trag. I charge him stay.

My Robe of State, Buskins, and Crown of Gold,
Claim a Priority.

Com. Your Crown of Gold
Is but the Wreath of Wealth; 'tis mine of Lawrel
Is Vertues Diadem: This grew green and flourish'd,
When Nature, pitying poor Mortality,
Hid thine within the Bowels of the Earth:
Men looking up to Heaven, found this that's mine;
Digging to find out Hell, they lit on thine.

Trag. I know you have Tongue enough.

Com. Besides, my Birth-right
Gives me the first Possession.

Trag. How! your Birth-right!

Com. Yes, Sister, Birth right: and a Crown besides,
Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*,
By his dear Priestess *Phenome*, she that first,
Full of her God, rag'd in Heroique Numbers.

Trag. How came it then the Magistrate decreed
A publick Charge to furnish out my *Chorus*,
When you were fain t'appear in Rags and Tatters,
And at your own Expences?

Com. My Reward
Came after, my Deserts went before yours.

Trag. Deserts! yes! what Deserts! when like a
You took a poor and beggerly Pilgrimage (Gypsie
From Village unto Village! when I then,
As a fit Ceremony of Religion,
In my full State contended at the Tomb
Of mighty *Theseus*!

Com. I, before that time,
Did chaunt out Hymns in praise of great *Apollo*,
The Shepherds Deity, whom they reverence
Under the Name of *Nomius*, in remembrance
How with them once he kept *Admetus* Sheep.

And,

And, 'cause you urge my Poverty, what were you ?
 'Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your Buskins,
 You had no Ornaments, no Robes of State,
 No rich and glorious Scene. Your first Benefactors,
 Who were they, but the reeling Priests of *Bacchus* ?
 For which a Goat gave you Reward and Name.—

Trag. But, Sister, who were yours, I pray, but such
 As chaunted forth religious, bawdy Sonnets,
 In honour of the fine chaff God *Priapus* ?

Come. Let Age alone, Merit must plead our Title.

Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend ?
 I stalk in Princes Courts ; great Kings, and Emperors,
 From their close Cabinets, and Council-Tables,
 Yield me the fatal Matter of my Scene.

Come. Inferior Persons, and the lighter Vanities,
 (Of which this Age, I fear, is grown too fruitful,)
 Yield Subjects various enough to move
 Plentiful Laughter.

Trag. Laughter ! a fit Object
 For Poetry to aim at !

Com. Yes, Laughter is my Object : 'tis a Property
 In Man essential to his Reason.

Trag. So! —

But I move Horror ; and that frights the guilty
 From his dear Sins : He that sees *Oedipus*
 Incestuous, shall behold him blind withal.
 Who views *Orestes* as a Parricide,
 Shall see him lash'd with *Furies* too ; Th' Ambitious
 Shall fear *Prometheus* Vultur ; Daring Gluttony
 Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus* :
 And every Family great in Sins as Blood,
 Shake at the Memory of *Pelop's* House.
 Who will rely on Fortunes giddy Smile,
 That has seen *Priam* acted on the Stage ?

Com. You move with Fear, I work as much with Shame,
 A thing more powerful in a generous Breast.—
 Who sees an eating Parasite abus'd ;
 A covetous Bawd laugh'd at ; an ignorant Gull
 Cheated ; a glorious Soldier kick'd, and baff'd ;

A crafty Servant whipt ; a niggard Churl
Hoarding up Dicing-Moneys for his Son ;
A spruce fantastick Courtier, a mad Roarer,
A jealous Tradesman, an over-weening Lady,
Or corrupt Lawyer, rightly personated,
But (if he have a blush) will blush, and shame
As well to act those Follies as to own 'em ?

Trag. The Subject of my Scene is in the Persons
Greater, as in the Vices ; Atheists, Tyrants,
O're-daring Favourites, Traitors, Parasites,
The Wolves and Cats of State, which in a Language
High as the Men, and loud as are their Crimes,
I thunder forth with Terroure and Amazement
Unto the gasty wond'ring Audience.

Satyre. And as my Lady takes deserved place
Of thy light Mistress, so yield thou to me,
Fantastick Mime.

Mime. Fond *Satyre*, why to thee ?

Sat. As the Attendant of the Nobler Dame,
And of my self more worthy.

Mime. How ! more worthy ?

Sat. As one whose Whip of Steel can with a Lash
Imprint the Characters of Shame so deep,
Even in the brazen Forehead of proud Sin,
That not Eternity shall wear it out.

When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* Brow,
Each conscious Cheek grew Red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill Soul ; while every guilty Breast
Stood fearful of Dissection, as afraid

To be anatomiz'd by that skilful Hand ;
And have each Artery, Nerve, and Vein of Sin
By it laid open to the publick Scorn.

I have untruss'd the proudest ; greatest Tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerful Whip, half dead
With Expectation of the smarting Jerk,
Whose Wound no Salve can cure : each blow doth leave
A lasting Scar, that with a Poyson eats
Into the Marrow of their Fames and Lives ;
Th' eternal Ulcer to their Memories !

What

What can your Apish fine Gesticulations,
My manlike Monkey, *Mime*, vie to this?

Mime. When Men through Sins were grown un-
like the Gods,

Apes grew to be like Men; therefore I think
My Apish Imitation, Brother Beadle,
Does as good Service to reform bad Manners,
As your proud Whip, with all his Ferks, and Jerks.—
The *Spartans*, when they strove t' express the Loath-
someness

Of Drunkenness to their Children, brought a Slave,
Some captive *Helot*, overcharg'd with Wine,
Reeling in thus;—His Eyes shot out with staring,
A fire in his Nose, a burning Redness
Blazing in either Cheek, his Hair upright,
His Tongue and Senses faltring, and his Stomach
O'reburden'd ready to discharge her Load
In each Man's Face he met. This made 'em see,
And hate that Sin of Swine, and not of Men.—
Would I express a Complemental Youth,
That thinks himself a spruce and expert Courtier,
Bending his supple Hams, kissing his Hands,
Honouring Shoe-strings, scriving his writh'd Face
To several Postures of Affectation,
Dancing an Entertainment to his Friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous Motion?
Yet such there be, that very much please themselves
In such like Antick Humours. To our own Sins
We will be Moles, even to the grossest of 'em:
But in another's Life we can spy forth
The least of Faults, with Eyes as sharp as Eagles,
Or the *Epidaurean* Serpent: Now in me,
Where Self-love casts not her *Egyptian* Mists,
They find this mis-becoming Foppishness,
And afterwards apply it to themselves:
This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.

Trag. Sister, let's lay this poor Contention by,
And friendly live together; if one Womb

Coul

Could hold us both, why should we think this room
Too narrow to contain us? On this Stage
We'll plead a Tryal; and in one year contend
Which shall do best: That past, She then that shall,
By the most sacred and impartial Judgment
Of our *Apollo*, best deserve the Bays,
Shall hold th' entire Possession of the Place.

Come. I were unworthy, if I should
Appeal from his Tribunal; Be it so:
I doubt not but his Censure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's sad and tragical,
Dare to approach his Presence; let him be
So happy as to think no Man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing called Misery.

Trag. Such is my Prayer, that he may only see,
Not be the Subject of a Tragedy!—
Sister, a Truce till then. That Vice may bleed,
Let us joyn Whips together.

Come. 'Tis agreed.——

Mime. Let it be your Office to prepare
The Mask which we intended.

Mime. 'Tis my Care.

Exeunt.

Flour. How did she say? a Mafs? Brother, fly hence,
Fly hence, Idolatry will overtake us.

Rosci. It was a MASK she spoke of, a rude Dance
Presented by the seven deadly Sins.

Bird. Still 'tis a Mafs, Sister, away; I tell you
It is a Mafs, a Mafs of vile Idolatry.

Rosci. 'Tis but a simple Dance, brought in to shew
The native Foulness and Deformity
Of our dear Sin, and what an ugly Guest
He entertains, admits him to his Breast!

Song and Dance.

Say, in a Dance how shall we go,
That never could a Measure know!

How

*How shall we sing to please the Scene
That never yet could keep a Mean ?
Disorder is the Mask we bring,
And Discords are the Tunes we sing.
No sound in our harsh Ears can find a place,
But highest Trebles, or the lowest Base.*

Flow. See Brother, if Mens Hearts and Consciences
Had not been sear'd, and cauteriz'd, how could they
Affect these filthy Harbingers of Hell ! *Link*
These Proctors of *Beelzebub*, *Lucifer's* *Hinch*-boys !

Rosc. I pray ye stir your selves within a while.

Exeunt. B. & F.

Roscius Solus.

And here, unless your favourable Mildness
With hope of Mercy do encourage us,
Our Author bids us end : He dares not venture,
Neither what's past, nor that which is to come,
Upon his Country, 'tis so weak and impotent,
It cannot stand a Tryal ; nor dares hope
The Benefit of his Clergy ; but if Rigour
Sit Judge, must of Necessity be condemn'd
To *Vulcan* or the Sponge : All he can plead
Is a desire of Pardon ; for he brings you
No Plot at all, but a meer *Olla Podrida*,
A Medley of ill-plac'd, and worse penn'd Humours.
His Desire was in single Scenes to shew
How Comedy presents each single Vice
Ridiculous, whose Number, as their Character,
He borrows from the Man to whom he owes
All the poor Skill he has, great *Aristotle*.
Now if you can endure to hear the rest,
Y'are welcome ; if you cannot, do but tell
Your meaning by some sign, and all farewell.
If you will stay, resolve to pardon first ;
Our Author will deserve it by offending.
Yet if he miss a Pardon, (as in Justice

You cannot grant it, though your Mercy may,) Still he hath this left for a Comfort to him, That he has pick'd a Subject of his Rhime, May lose perchance his Credit, not his Time.

Finis Actus 1.

Exit

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

Roscium. Bird. Flowrdew.

Rosc. **T**ake your Places. The first that we present are the Extremes of a Vertue necessary in our Conversation, call'd Comitas, or Courtesie; which, as all other Vertues, hath her Deviations from the Mean. The one Colax, that to seem over-Courteous, falls into a servile Flattery; the other (as Fools fall into the Contraries which they shun) is Discolus, who hating to be a slavish Parasite, grows into Peevishness and impertinent Distast.

Flowr. I thought you taught two Vices for one Vertue.

Rosc. So does Philosophy. But the Actors enter.

Enter Colax and Dyscolus.

Colax. How far they sin against Humanity That use you thus! Believe me, 'tis a Symptom Of Barbarism and Rudeness, so to vex A gentle, modest Nature as yours is.

Dysco. Why dost Thou vex me then?

Colax. I? Heaven defend!

My Breeding has been better; I vex you! You that I know so vertuous, just, and wise, So pious and religious, so admir'd, So lov'd of all!

Dysc. Wilt thou not leave me then, Eternal Torture? Could your Cruelty find

C

No

No Back but mine that you thought broad enough
 To bear the Load of all these Epithets?
 Pious? Religious? He takes me for a Fool.
 Vertuous? and Just? Sir, Did I ever cheat you,
 Cozen, or gull you, that you call me Just
 And Vertuous? I am grown the common Scoff
 Of all the World; the Scoff of all the World!

Colax. The World is grown too vile then.

Dysc. So art thou.

Heaven! I am turn'd ridiculous!

Colax. You ridiculous?—

But 'tis an impious Age: There was a Time,
 (And pity 'tis so good a Time had Wings
 To fly away,) when Reverence was paid
 To a gray Head; 'twas held a Sacrilege
 Not expiable, to deny Respect
 To one, Sir, of your Years and Gravity.

Dysc. My Years and Gravity! Why, how old am I?
 I am not Rotten yet, or grown so Rank
 As I should smell o'th' Grave. O Times and Manners!
 Well *Colax*, well; go on: You may abuse me,
 Poor Dust and Ashes, Worms meat. Years & Gravity!
 He takes me for a Carcass! What see you
 So crazy in me? I have half my Teeth:
 I see with Spectacles, do I not? and can walk too
 With th' Benefit of my Staff, mark if I cannot!—
 But you, Sir, at your pleasure, with Years & Gravity,
 Think me decrepid.

Colax. How? Decrepid, Sir!

I see young Roses bud within your Cheeks;
 And a quick active Blood run free and fresh
 Thorough your Veins.

Dysc. I am turn'd Boy again!

A very stripling School-Boy! have I not
 The Itch and Kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy
 About the Wrists and Hams?

Colax. Still *Dyscolus*?—

Dysc. *Dyscolus*! and why *Dyscolus*? when were we
 Grown

Grown so familiar ? *Dyscolus* ! by my Name
Sure we are *Pylades* and *Orestes* ! are we not ?
Speak good *Pylades*.

Colax. Nay, worthy Sir,
Pardon my Error, 'twas without Intent
Of an Offence. I'll find some other Name
To call you by——

Dysc. What do you mean to call me ?
Fool ? Ass ? or Knave ? my Name is not so bad,
As that I am ashamed on't.

Colax. Still you take all worse than it was meant,
You are too jealous.

Dysc. Jealous ! I ha' no cause for't, my Wife's honest ;
Dost see my Horns ? Dost ? if thou dost,
Write Cuckold in my Forehead ; do, write Cuckold
With *Aqua-fortis*, do. Jealous ! I am jealous !
Free of the Company ! Wife, I am jealous !

Colax. I mean suspicious.

Dysc. How suspicious ?

For what ? for Treason, Felony, or Murder ?
Carry me to the Justice : bind me over
For a suspicious Person : hang me too
For a suspicious Person ! O, O, O,
Some courteous Plague seize me, and free my Soul
From this immortal Torment ! every thing
I meet with is Vexation, and this, this
Is the Vexation of Vexations,
The Hell of Hells, and Devil of all Devils !

Flow. For pity-sake fret not the good old Gentleman.

Dysc. Oh ! have I not yet Torments great enough,
But you must add to my Affliction ?
Eternal Silence seize you !

Colax. Sir, we strive
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

Dysc. I must be pleas'd ! a very Babe, an Infant !
I must be pleas'd ! give me some Pap, or Plums :
Buy me a Rattle, or a Hobby-Horse,
To still me, do ! Be pleas'd ? Woud'ft have me ger

A Parasite to be flatter'd ?

Colax. How ! a Parasite !

A cogging, flatt'ring, slavish Parasite !

Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the Belly
Shall make my Brains a Captive. Flatterers !
Souls below Reason will not stoop so low
As to give up their Liberty ; only Flatterers
Move by another's Wheel. They have no Passions
Free to themselves. All their Affections,
Qualities, Humours, Appetites, Desires,
Nay wishes, vows and pray'rs, discourse and thoughts,
Are but another's Bond-man. Let me tugg
At the Turk's Galleys ; be eternally
Damn'd to a Quarry : In this State my Mind
Is free. A Flatterer has not Soul nor Body.
What shall I say ? — No, I applaud your Temper,
That in a generous Braveness takes Distaste
At such whose servile Nature strive to please you.
'Tis Royal in you, Sir —

Dysc. Ha ! What's that ?

Colax. A Feather stuck upon your Cloak.

Dysc. A Feather !

And what have you to do with my Feathers ?
Why should you hinder me from telling th' World
I do not lie on Flock-Beds ?

Colax. Pray be pleas'd.

I brush'd it off for meer Respect I bear you.

Dysc. Respect ! a fine Respect, Sir, is it not,
To make the World believe I nourish Vermin ?
O Death ! Death ! Death ! if that our Graves hatch
Worms

Without Tongues to torment us, let 'em have
What Teeth they will. I meet not here an Object,
But adds to my Affliction ! Sure I am not
A Man ; I could not then be so ridiculous :
My Ears are overgrown, I am an Ass ;
It is my Ears they gaze at. What strange *Harpy*,
Centaur or *Gorgon* am I turn'd-into ?

What

What Circle wrought my Metamorphosis?
 If I be a Beast, she might have made me Lyon;
 Or something not ridiculous! O Aëton,
 If I do branch like thee, it is my Fortune!
 Why look they on me else? There is within
 A Glass they say, that has strange Qualities in it;
 That shall resolve me. I will in to see
 Whether or no, I Man or Monster be.

Exit.

Enter Deilus, Aphobus.

Bird. Who be these? They look like Presumption
 and Despair.

Resc. And such they are. That is Aphobus, one that
 out of an impious Confidence fears nothing. The other,
 Deilus, that from an Atheistical Distrust, shakes at the
 motion of a Reed. These are the Extreame of Fortitude,
 that steers an even Course between overmuch daring, and
 overmuch fearing.

Flow. Why stays this Reprobate Colax?

Resc. Any Vice
 Yields Work for Flattery.

Flow. A good Doctrine, mark it.

Deilus. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?
 To me the meer Relation is an Ague.
 Good Aphobus, no more such terrible Stories;
 I would not for a World lie alone to Night:
 I shall have such strange Dreams!

Apho. What can there be
 That I should fear? The Gods? If they be good,
 'Tis Sin to fear 'em; if not good, no Gods;
 And then let them fear me. Or are they Devils
 That must affright me?

Deilus. Devils! where, good Aphobus?
 I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
 'Tis such a terrible Wind! O here it is;
 Now it is here again! O still, still, still!

Apho. What's the matter?

C 3

Deilus.

Deilus. Still it follows me !
 The thing in black, behind ; soon as the Sun
 But shines, it haunts me : Gentle Spirit leave me !
 Cannor you lay him, *Aphobus* ? What an ugly Look
 it has !

With Eyes as big as Sawcers, Nostrils wider
 Than Barbers Basons !

Apho. 'Tis nothing, *Deilus*,
 But your weak Phancy, that from every Object
 Draws Arguments of Fear. This terrible black thing--

Deil. Where is it *Aphobus* ?

Apho. — Is but your shadow, *Deilus*.

Deil. And should we not fear Shadows ?

Apho. No ! why should we ?

Deil. Who knows but they come leering after us
 To steal away the Substance ? Watch him, *Aphobus*.

Apho. I nothing fear.

Colax. I do commend your Valour,
 That fixes your great Soul fast as a Center,
 Not to be mov'd with Dangers ; let slight Cock-boats
 Be shaken with a Wave, while you stand firm
 Like an undaunted Rock, whose constant Hardness
 Rebeats the Fury of the raging Sea,
 Dashing it into Froth. Base Fear doth argue
 A low degenerate Soul.

Deil. Now I fear every thing.

Colax. 'Tis your Discretion. Every thing has Danger,
 And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
 I do applaud this Wisdom: 'Tis a Symptom
 Of wary Providence. His too confident Rashness
 Argues a stupid Ignorance in the Soul,
 A blind and senseless Judgment ; give me Fear
 To Man the Fort, 'tis such a Circumspect
 And wary Sentinel—

Flowerd. Now Shame take thee for
 A luke-warm Formalist.

Colax. — But daring Valour,
 Uncapable of Danger, sleeps securely,

And

And leaves an open Entrance to his Enemies.

Deil. What are they landed ?

Apho. Who ?

Deil. The Enemies

That *Colax* talks of.

Apho. If they be I care not,

Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with Thunder.

Deil. Why, do you not fear Thunder ?

Apho. Thunder ? no !

No more than Squibs and Crackers.

Deil. Squibs and Crackers ?

I hope there be none here. S'lid, Squibs & Crackers !

The meer Epitomes of the Gun-powder Treason,

Faux in a lesser Volume.

Apho. Let Fools gaze

At bearded Stars, it is all one to me,

As if they had been shav'd——Thus ; thus would I

Out-beard a Meteor ; for I might as well

Name it a Prodigy, when my Candle blazes.

Deil. Is there a Comet say you ? Nay, I saw it ;

It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends

Some certain imminent Danger to th' Inhabitants

Twixt those two Places : I'll go get a Lodging

Out of its Influence.

Colax. Will that serve ?——I fear

It threatens general Ruin to the Kingdom.

Deil. I'll to some other Country.

Colax. There's Danger to cross the Seas.

Deil. Is there no way, good *Colax*,

To cross the Sea by Land ? O the Scituation !

The horrible Scituation of an Island !

Colax. You, Sir, are far above such frivolous Thoughts.

You fear not Death.

Apho. Nor I.

Col. Nor sudden Death ?

Apho. No more than sudden Sleep : Sir, I dare dye.

Deil. I dare not ; Death to me is terrible.

I will not dye.

Apho.

Apho. How can you, Sir, prevent it ?

Deil. Why, I will kill my self.

Col. A valiant Courle ;

And the right way to prevent Death indeed.

Your Spirit is true Roman !—— But yours greater

That fear not Death, nor yet the manner of it.—

Should Heaven fall——

Apho. Why, then we should have Larks.

Deil. I shall never eat Larks again while I breathe

Col. Or should the Earth yawn like a Sepulchre,

And with an open Throat swallow you quick ?

Apho. 'Twould save me the Expences of a Grave.

Deil. I'd rather trouble my Executors by th' half.

Apho. Cannons to me are Pot-guns.

Deil. Pot-guns to me

Are Cannons ; the Report will strike me dead.

Apho. A Rapier's but a Bodkin.

Deil. And a Bodkin,

Is a most dangerous Weapon ; since I read
Of *Julius Caesar's* Death, I durst not venture
Into a Taylor's Shop for fear of Bodkins.

Apho. O that the valiant Gyants would again
Rebell against the Gods, and besiege Heaven,
So I might be their Leader !

Col. Had *Enceladus*

Been half so valiant, *Jove* had been his Prisoner.

Apho. Why should we think there be such things
Dangers ?

Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Python*, are but Fables.

Medea's Bull and Dragon very Tales.

Sea-Monsters, Serpents, all Poetical Figments.

Nay Hell it self, and *Acheron*, but meer Inventions,

Or were they true, as they are false, should I be

So timorous as to fear these Bug-bear *Harpeys*,

Medusas, *Centraurs*, *Gorgons* ?

Deil. O good *Aphobus*,

Leave conjuring, or take me into th' Circle !

What shall I do good *Colax* ?

Col. Sir, walk in ;

There is, they say, a Looking-glass, a strange one,
Of admirable Vertues, that will render you
Free from Inchantments.

Deil. How ! a Looking-glass ?

Dost think I can endure it ? why there lies
A Man within't in Ambush to entrap me.
I did but lift my Hand up, and he presently
Catch'd at it.

Colax. 'Twas the Shadow, Sir, of your self.
Trust me a meer Reflection.

Deil. I will trust thee.

Exit.

Apho. What Glass is that ?

Colax. A Trick to fright the Ideot
Out of his Wits ; a Glass so full of Dread,
Rending unto the Eye such horrid Spectacles,
As would amaze even You. Sir, I do think
Your optrick Nerves would shrink in the beholding.
This, if your Eye endure, I will confess you
The Prince of Eagles.

Apho. Look to it Eyes, if ye refuse this sight,
My Nails shall damn you to eternal Night. Exit.

Col. Seeing no hope of Gain, I pack them hence.
'Tis Gold gives Flatt'ry all her Eloquence.

Enter Acolastus, Anaisthetus.

Rolci. *Temperance is the Mediocrity of enjoying Pleasures, when they are present, and a moderate desire of them being absent ; and these are the Extreame of that Vertue. Acolastus, a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd desire, seeks after all Pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawful. The other Anaisthetus, a meer Anchorite, that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate Recreations allow'd of by God and Nature.*

Acolast. O now for an Eternity of Eating !

Col. Fool was he that wish'd but a Cranes short Neck ;

Give

Give me one, Nature, long as is a Cable;
 Or Sounding-line, and all the way a Palate
 To taste my Meat the longer. I would have
 My Senses feast together; Nature envied us,
 In giving single Pleasures; let me have
 My Ears, Eyes, Palate, Nose, and Touch, at once
 Enjoy their Happiness; Lay me in a Bed
 Made of a Summer's Cloud; to my Embraces
 Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fifteen,
 Fresh, plump, and active; she that *Mars* enjoy'd
 Is grown too stale. And then at the same instant
 My Touch is pleas'd, I would delight my Sight
 With Pictures of *Diana*, and her Nymphs,
 Naked, and bathing, drawn by some *Apelles*;
 By them some of our fairest Virgins stand,
 That I may see whether 'tis Art or Nature
 Which heightens most my Blood and Appetite.
 Nor can I here. Give me the seven Orbs
 To charm my Ears with their Cœlestial Lutes,
 To which the Angels that do move those Spheres,
 Shall sing some amorous Ditty. Nor yet here
 Fix I my Bounds; the Sun himself shall fire
 The Phoenix Nest to make me a Perfume,
 While I do eat the Bird, and eternally
 Drink of *Jove's* heav'nly Nectar. These single, and
 But Torments: but together, O together!
 Each is a Paradise.—Having got such Objects
 To please the Senses, give me Senses too,
 Fit to receive those Objects: Give me therefore
 An Eagle's Eye, a Blood-hound's curious Smell,
 A Stag's quick Hearing; let my Feeling be
 As subtle as the Spyder's, and my Taste
 Sharp as a Squirrel's: Then I'll read the *Alcoran*;
 And what Delights that promises in future,
 I'll practice in the present.

Bird. Hearthenish Glutton

Flow. Base-Belly-God, Licentious Libertine?

Anai. And I do think there is no Pleasure at all,

in contemning Pleasures. Happy *Niobe*,
and Blessed *Daphne*, and all such as are
turn'd Stocks and Stones. Would I were Lawrel too,
Marble, I, or any thing insensible.
is a Toyl for me to eat or drink,
only for Nature's Satisfaction ;

You'd I could live without it. To my Ear
sickness is but a Mandrake. To my Smell
hard scents of Rhue and Wormwood ; And I taste
nectar with as much loathing and distast
Gall, or Aloes, or my Doctor's Porion.
my Eye can meet no Object but I hate it.

Acola. Come, Brother Stoick, be not so melancholy.

Anai. Be not so foolish, Brother *Epicure*.

Aco. Come, we'll go and see a Comedy, that will raise
thy heavy Spirits up.

Anai. A Comedy?

are I delight much in those Toys ; I can
with as much Patience hear the Mariners
hide in a Storm.

Aco. Then let's go drink a while.

Anai. 'Tis too much Labour ; Happy *Tantalus*
that never drinks.

Aco. A little Venery
shall recreate thy Soul.

Anai. Yes, like an Itch,
or 'tis no better. I could wish an Heir,
but that I cannot take the Pains to get one.

Aco. Why, Marry, if your Conscience be so tender,
not to do it otherwise ; Then 'tis lawful.

Anai. True, Matrimony's nothing else indeed
but Fornication licens'd, Lawful Adultery.
Heavens ! how all my Senses are wide Sluces
to let in Discontent and Miseries !

How happy are the Moles that have no Eyes !
How bless'd the Adders that have got no Ears !
They never see nor hear ought that afflicts 'em.
But happier they that have no Sense at all ;

That

That neither see, nor hear, taste, smell, nor feel
 Any thing to torment 'em. Souls were given
 To torture Bodies; Man has Reason too,
 To add unto the heap of his Distractions.
 I can see nothing without Sense, and Motion,
 But I do wish my self transform'd into it. (Soul)

Col. Sir, I commend this Temperance; your arm'd
 Is able to contemn these perry Baits,
 These slight Temptations, which we title Pleasures,
 That are indeed but Names. Heaven it self knows
 No such thing; the Stars nor eat nor drink,
 Nor lye with one another; and you imitate
 Those glorious Bodies; by which noble Abstinence
 You gain the Names of Moderate, Chaste, and Sober.
 While this Effeminate gets the infamous Terms
 Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer;
 Pleasures, that are not Man's, as Man is Man,
 But as his Nature sympathies with Beasts.
 You shall be the third *Cato*. This grave Look
 And rigid Eye-brow will become a Censor.—
 But I will fit you with an Object, Sir,
 My noble *Anaisthetus*, that will please you.
 It is a Looking-glass; wherein, at once,
 You may see all the dismal Groves and Caves,
 The horrid Vaults, dark Cells, and barren Desarts,
 With what in Hell it self can dismal be.

Anai. That is, indeed, a Prospect fit for me. *Exit*

Acol. He cannot see a Stock, or Stone, but presents
 He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.
 I have another Humour; I cannot see
 A fat voluptuous Sow, with full Delight,
 Wallow in Dirt, but I do wish my self
 Transform'd into that blessed *Epicure*.
 Or when I view the hot salacious Sparrow
 Renew his Pleasures with fresh Appetite,
 I wish my self that little Bird of Love.

Colax. It shews you a Man of a soft moving Clay
 Not made of Flint. Nature has been bountiful

To provide Pleasures, and shall we be Niggards
 At plenteous Boards ? He's a discourteous Guest
 That will observe a Dyet at a Feast.
 When Nature thought the Earth alone too little
 To find us Meat, and therefore stor'd the Air
 With winged Creatures ; not contented yet,
 She made the Water fruitful to delight us.
 Nay, I believe the other Element too
 Doth nurse some curious Dainty for Man's Food,
 If we would use the Skill to catch the Salamander :
 Did she do this to have us eat with Temperance ?
 Or when she gave so many different Odours
 Of Spices, Unguents, and all sorts of Flowers,
 She cry'd not—stop your Noses. Would she give us
 So sweet a Choir of wing'd Musicians
 To have us deaf ? Or when she plac'd us here,
 Here in a Paradise, where such pleasing Prospects,
 So many ravishing Colours entice the Eye,
 Was it to have us wink ? When she bestow'd
 So powerful Faces, such commanding Beauties
 On many glorious Nymphs, was it to say
 Be chaste and continent ? Not to enjoy
 All Pleasures, and at full, were to make Nature
 Guilty of that she ne're was guilty of,
 A Vanity in her Works.

Acol. A learned Lecture !

'Tis fit such grave and solid Arguments
 Have their Reward——Here——half of my Estate
 I'll invent a Pleasure never tasted yet,
 That I may be the first shall make it stale.

Col. Within, Sir, is a Glass, that by reflection
 Doth shew the Image of all sorts of Pleasures,
 That ever yet were acted, more variety
 Than *Aretine's* Pictures.

Aco. I'll see the Jewel ;

For tho' to do most moves my Appetite,
 I love to see, as well as act Delight.

Exit.

Bird. These are the things indeed, the stage doth teach,

D

Dear

Dear Heart, what a foul Sink of Sins run here !

Flow. In sooth it is the common Shore of Lewdness

Enter Asotus, Aneleutherus.

Rosc. These are Aneleutherus, an illiberal niggardly Usurer, that will sell Heaven to purchase Earth. That his Son Asotus, a profuse Prodigal, that will sell Earth to buy Hell. The extreams of Liberality, which prescribes a Mediocrity in the getting and spending of Riches.

Aneleu. Come Boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go

Asot. I was in hope you would have said a Bawdy

(House

Anel. Thence to th' Exchange.

Asot. No, to the Tavern, Father.

Anel. Be a good Husband Boy, follow my Counsel

Asot. Your Counsel ? No Dad, take you mine, And be a good Fellow——Shall we go and roar ?

S'lid Father, I shall never live to spend

That you have got already——Pox of Attornies,

Merchants and Scriveners, I would hear you talk

Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

Anel. Prodigal Child !

Thou dost not know the Sweets of getting Wealth,

Asot. Nor you the Pleasure that I take in spending it To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchoves !

Anel. *Asotus*, my dear Son, talk not to me Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.

No, feed on Widows ; have each Meal an Orphan

Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery Heir

With all his Lands melted into a Mortgage.

The Gods themselves feed not on such fine Dainties, Such fatning, thriving Diet.

Asot. Trust me, Sir,

I am asham'd to call you Father,

Ne're trust me, now I'm come to be a Gentleman.

One of your havings, and thus cark and care ?

Come, I will send for a whole Coach or two

Of *Bank-side* Ladies, and we will be Jovial !
 Shall the World say you pine and pinch for nothing ?
 Well, do your Pleasure, keep me short of Monies :
 When you are dead, as dye I hope you must,
 I'll make a shift to spend one half at least
 Ere you are coffin'd, and the other half
 Ere you are fully laid into your Grave.
 Were not you better help away with some of it ?
 But you will starve your self ; that when y'are rotten,
 One *Have at all* of mine may set it flying.
 And I will have your Bones cut into Dice,
 And make you guilty of the spending of it :
 Or I will get a very handsome Bowl
 Made of your Skull, to drink't away in Healths.

Anel. That's not the way to thrive ! No, sit and brood
 On thy Estate ; as yet it is not hatch'd
 Into Maturity.

Afor. Marry, I will brood upon it,
 And hatch it into Chickens, Capons, Hens,
 Larks, Thrushes, Quails, Wood-cocks, Snipes, and
 Pheasants,

The best that can be got for Love or Money !
 There is no Life to drinking !

Anel. O yes, yes ;
 Exaction, Usury, and Oppression.
 Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar.
 And wilt thou, wasteful Lad, spend in a Supper
 What I with Sweat and Labour, Care and Industry,
 Have been an Age a scraping up together ?
 No, no, *Aforus*, trust Gray-head Experience ;
 As I have been an Ox, a painful Ox,
 Diligent, royling, and laborious Ox,
 To plow up Gold for thee : so I would have thee—

Afor. Be a fine silly Ass to keep it.

Anel. Be a good watchful Dragon to preserve it.

Colax. Sir, I over-heard your wise Instructions,
 And wonder at the Gravity of your Counsel.

This wild unbridl'd Boy is not yet grown
 Acquainted with the World ; he has not felt
 The weight of Need, that Want is Vertue's Clog ;
 Of what Necessary, Respect, and Value
 Wealth is ! how base and how contemptible
 Poverty makes us ! Liberality,
 In some Circumstances, may be allow'd ;
 As when it has no end but Honesty,
 With a respect of Person, Quantity,
 Quality, Time, and Place ; but this profuse,
 Vain, injudicious Spending, speaks him *Idiot* :
 And yet the best of Liberality
 Is to be liberal to our selves ; and thus
 Your Wisdom is most liberal, and knows
 How fond a thing it is for discreet Men
 To purchase with the Loss of their Estate
 The Name of one poor Vertue, *Liberality* ;
 And that too only from the Mouth of Beggars !
 One of your Judgment, would not, I am sure,
 Buy all the Vertues at so dear a rate.
 Nor are you, Sir, I dare presume, so fond
 As to weigh your Gains by the strict Scale
 Of Equity and Justice, Names invented
 To keep us Beggars. I would counsel now
 Your Son to tread no Steps but yours, for they
 Will certainly direct him the broad way
 That leads unto the place where Plenty dwells ;
 And she shall give him Honour.

Anel. Your Tongue is powerful :

Pray read this Lecture to my Son ; I go
 To find my Scriv'ner, who is gon, I hear,
 To a strange Glass, wherein all things appear. *Exit*

Asot. To see if it can shew him his lost Ears.—
 Now to your Lecture.

Col. And to such a one

As you will be a willing Pupil to.

Think you I meant all that I told your Father ?

No, 'twas to blind the Eyes of the old Huncks.

I love a Man like you, that can make much
Of his blest Genius: Miracle of Charity!
That open Hand becomes thee; Let thy Father
Scrape, like the Dunghil-Cock, the Dirt and Mire,
To find a precious Jem for thee, the Chicken
Of the white Hen to wear. It is a wonder
How such a generous Branch as you, could spring
From that old Root of filthy Avarice!
For every Widows House the Father swallows,
The Son should spew a Tavern. How are we
Richer than others? Not in having much,
But in bestowing;

And that shines glorious in you. The Chuffs Crowns,
Imprison'd in his trusty Chest, methinks
I hear groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to see the Light again. Thou canst not
Stand in a Flood of Nectar up to the Chin,
And yet not dare to sup it; nor canst suffer
The golden Apples dangle at thy Lips,
But thou wilt taste the Fruit. 'Tis generous this.

Asor. Gramercy, thou shalt be Doctor o' th' Chair.

Here——'tis too little, but 'tis all my Store,

He in to pump my Dad, and fetch thee more. *Exit.*

Colax. How like you now my Art, is't not a subtle one?

Flow. Now out upon thee, thou lewd Reprobate!

Thou Man of Sin, and Shame, that sowest Cushions
Unto the Elbqws of Iniquity:

Colax. I do commend this Zeal; you cannot be
Too fervent in a Cause so full of Goodness.

There is a general Frost hath seiz'd Devotion:

And without such-like ardent Flames as these

There is no hope to thaw it. The Word, *Puritane*,

That I do glorify, and esteem rev'rend,

Is the most sanctified, pure, and holy Sect

Of all Professors) is by the Prophane

Us'd for a name of infamy, a by-word, a slander.

That I sooth Vice, I do but flatter them,

As we give Children Plumbs to learn their Prayers,

T'entice them to the Truth, and by fair Means
Work out their Reformation.

Bird. 'Tis well done.

I hope he'll become a Brother, and make
A Separatist.

Flow. You shall have the Devotions
Of all the Elders. But this Foppishness
Is wearism; I could at one of our Meetings
Sleeping and all, sit Twenty times as long.

Rosc. Go in with me to recreate your Spirits,
(As Musique theirs with some refreshing Song)
Whose Parience our rude Scene hath held too long.

Finis Actus 2.

ACTUS 3. SCENE 1.

Roscium, Bird, Flowerdew.

Bird. I Will no more of this Abomination.

Rosc. The End crowns every Action, stay till
A Just Judge will not be prejudicate. (that

Flow. Pray Sir continue still the moralizing.

Rosc. The next we present are the Extreams of Magnificence, who teaches a Decorum in great Expences, as Liberality in the lesser: One is Banausus, out of a meer Ostentation vain-gloriously Expensive; the other Microprepes, one in glorious Works extreamly base and penurious.

Enter Banausus, Microprepes.

Ban. Being born not for ourselves, but for our friends,
Our Country, and our Glory, it is fit
We do express the Majesty of our Souls
In Deeds of Bounty and Magnificence.

Micro. The World is full of Vanity, and fond Fools
Promise themselves a name from building Churches,

Or

Or any thing that tends to the Republique,
Tis the Re-private that I study for. (lique,

Banau. First therefore for the Fame of my Repub-
I'll imitate a brave Egyptian King,
And plant such store of Onions, and of Garlick,
As shall maintain so many Thousand Workmen,
To th' building of a Pyramid at *Saint Albans*;
Upon whose Top I'll set a Hand of brass,
With a Scrawl in't to shew the way to *London*,
For th'benefit of Travellers.

Colax. Excellent!

Tis Charity to direct the wandring Pilgrim.

Micro. I am Church-Warden, and we are this Year
To build our Steeple up : Now to save Charges,
I'll get a high crown'd Hat with Five Low-bells,
To make a Peal shall serve as well as Bow.

Colax. 'Tis wisely cast,
And like a careful Steward of the Church,
Of which the Steeple is no part; at least,
No necessary.

Bird. Verily 'tis true, (struments
They are but wicked Synagogues, where thole In-
Of Superstition and Idolatry ring
Warning to Sin, and chime all into the Devil.

Banau. And 'cause there be such Swarms of Here- (sies rising

I'll have an Artist frame two wondrous Weathercocks
Of Gold, to set on *Pauls* and *Grantham* Steeple,
To shew to all the Kingdom what Fashion next
The Wind of Humour hither means to blow.

Micro. A Wicker-Chair will fit them for a Pulpit.

Colax. It is the Doctrine, Sir, that you respect.

Flow. In sooth, I've heard as wholesome Instructions
From a zealous Wicker-Chair, as e're I did
From the carv'd Idol of Wainscot.

Banau. Next, I intend to found an Hospiral
For the decay'd Professors of the Suburbs,
With a Colledg of Physitians too at *Chelisy*,

Only

Only to study the Cure of the French Pox ;
That so the Sinners may acknowledg me
Their only Benefactor, and repent.

Colax. You have a care, Sir, of your Countries Health.

Micro. Then I'll sell the Lead to thatch the Chancel.

Ban. I have a rare Device, to set *Dutch* Windmils
Upon *New-Market-Heath*, and *Salisbury-Plain*,
To drain the Fens.

Colax. The Fens, Sir, are not there.

Ban. But who knows but they may be ?

Col. Very right.

You aim at the prevention of a Danger.

Micr. A Porter's Frock shall serve me for a Surplice.

Flow. Indeed a Frock is not so Ceremonious.

Ban. But the great Work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a Cathedral Church :

It shall be at *Hoggs-Norton*, with a pair

Of stately Organs ; more than pity 'twere

The Pigs should lose their Skill for want of Practice.

Bird. Organs ! fy on 'em for *Babylonian* Bag-pipes.

Micro. Then for the Painting, I bethink my self,

That I have seen in Mother *Red-Cap's* Hall,

In painred Cloath, the Story of the Prodigal.

Col. And that will be for very good Use and Moral.

Sir, you are wise ; what serve *Egyptian* Pyramids,

Ephesian Temples, *Babylonian* Towers,

Carian Colosses, *Trajan's* Water-Works,

Domitian's Amphitheatres, the vain Cost

Of Ignorance and Prodigality ?

Rome flourish'd when her Capitol was thatch'd,

And all her Gods dwelt but in Cottages ;

Since *Parian* Marble, and *Corinthian* Brass,

Enter'd her gaudy Temples, soon she fell

To Superstition, and from thence to Ruin.

You see, that in our Churches, glorious Statues,

Rich Copes, and other Ornaments of State,

Draw wandring Eyes from their Devotion,

Unto a wanton gazing ; and that other

Rich

Rich Edfices, and such gorgeous Toys,
 Do more proclaim our Countries Wealth than Safety,
 And serve but like so many gilded Baits,
 T'entice a foreign Foe to our Invasion.
 Go in, there is a Glass will shew you, Sir,
 What sweet Simplicity our Grandfires us'd;
 How in the Age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit Micro.

Banau. O! I have thought on't; I will straightway
 build

A Free-School here in *London*, a Free-School
 For th' Education of young Gentlemen
 To study how to drink, and take Tobacco;
 To swear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel.
 'Twill be the great *Gymnasium* of the Realm,
 The *Frontisterium* of Great Britany:
 And for their better study, I will furnish 'em
 With a large Library of Drapers Books.

Col. 'Twill put down *Bodley's*, and the *Vatican*.
Royal Banauus! How many Spheres fly you
 Above the earthly dull *Microprepes!*
 I hope to live to see you build Sreus
 Shall out-brave *Venice*; to repair old *Tybourn*,
 And make it Cedar. This magnificent Course
 Doth purchase you an Immortality.
 In them you build your Honour to remain
 Th' Example and the Wonder of Posterity,
 While other hide-bound Churls do grutch themselves
 The Charges of a Tomb.

Ban. But I'll have one,
 In which I'll lye embalm'd with *Myrrhe* and *Cassia*,
 And richer Unguents than th' *Egyptian Kings*:
 And all that this my precious Tomb may furnish
 The Land with Mummie.

Colax. Yonder is a Glass
 Will shew you Plots and Models of all Monuments
 Form'd th' old way; you may invent a new,
 'Twill make for your more Glory.

Ban. *Colax*, True.

[*Exit.*]

Rosc.

Rosc. *These are the Extreame of Magnanimity. Caunus, a Fellow so highly conceited of his own Parts, that he thinks no Honour above him : The other Micropsychus, a base and low spirited Fellow, that undervaluing his own Qualities, dares not aspire to those Dignities that otherwise his Merits are capable of.*

Enter Caunus, Micropsychus.

Caun. I wonder that I hear no News from Court.

Colax. All hail unto the honourable Caunus.

Caun. The honourable Caunus ? 'Tis decreed ; I am a Privy-Councellor. Our new Honours Cannot so alter us, as that we can Forget our Friends ; walk with us, our familiar.

Mic. It puzzles me to think what Worth I have, That they should put so great an Honour on me.

Colax. Sir, I do know and see, and so do all That have not wilful Blindness, what rare Skill Of Wisdom, Policy, Judgment, and the rest Of the State-Virtues, sit within this Breast, As if it were their Parliament ; but as yet I am not, Sir, the happy Messenger That tells you, you are call'd unto the Helm ; Or that the Rudder of *Great Britany* Is put into your Hands, that you may steer Our floating *Delos* till she be arriv'd At the blest Port of Happiness, and surnam'd The *Fortunate Isle*, from You that are the Fortunate.

Caun. 'Tis strange, that I, the best experienc'd, The skilfullest, and the rarest of all Carpenters, Should not be yet a Privy-Councellor ! Surely the State wants Eyes, or has drunk *Opium*, And sleeps ; but when it wakes, it cannot chuse But meet the glorious Beams of my Deserts, Bright as the rising Sun ; and say to *England*, *England* behold thy Light !

Micro.

Micro. Make Me a Constable !

Make Me, that am the simplest of my Neighbours,
So great a Magistrate ! so powerful an Officer !

I blush at my Unworthiness. A Constable !

The very Prince o'th' Parish ! You are one, Sir,

Of an Ability to discharge it better ;

Let me resign to you.

Cau. How ? I a Constable ?

What might I be in your opinion, Sir ?

Micro. A Carpenter of Worship.

Cau. Very well ;

And yet you wou'd make me a Constable !

I'll evidently demonstrate, that of all Men

Your Carpenters are best Statesmen ; of all Carpenters

I being the best, am best of Statesmen too.

Imagine, Sir, the Common-wealth a Logg,

Or a rude Block of Wood ; your Statesman comes,

(For by that Word I mean a Carpenter)

And with the Saw of Policy divides it

Into so many Boards, or several Orders,

Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other

Inferiour Boards call'd Vulgar, fit for nothing

But to make Styles, or Planks to be trod over,

Or trampled on : This adds unto the Log

Call'd Common-wealth at least some small Perfection ;

But afterwards he planes them, and so makes

The Common-wealth, that was before a Board,

A pretty Wainscot ; some he carves with Titles

Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman ; some stand plain,

And serve us more for Use than Ornament ;

We call them Yeomen ; (Boards now out of fashion.)

And, lest the Disproportion break the Frame,

He with the Pegs of Amity and Concord,

As with the Glew-Por of good Government,

Joyns 'em together, makes an absolute Edfice

Of the Republique. State-skill'd *Machiavel*

Was certainly a Carpenter ; yet you think

A Constable a Gyant-Dignity !

Micro.

Micro. Pray Heaven that, *Icarus* like; I do not melt
 The waxen Plumes of my Ambition!
 Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sun,
 I fall not headlong down with *Phaeton*,
 I have aspir'd so high. Make Me a Constable,
 That have not yet attain'd to the *Greek* Tongue!
 Why, 'tis his Office to keep the Peace,
 His Majesty's Peace: I am not fit to keep
 His Majesty's Hogs, much less His Peace, the best
 Of all his Jewels. How dare I presume
 To charge a Man in the Kings Name! I faint
 Under the Burden of so great a Place,
 Whose Weight might press down *Atlas*. Magistrates
 Are only Sumpter-Horses. Nay, they threaten me
 To make me Warden of the Church.
 Am I a Patriot? Or have I Ability
 To present Knights Recusant, Clergy Reelers,
 Or Gentlemen Fornicators?

Col. You have Worth
 Richly enamell'd with a Modesty;
 And though your lofty Merit might sit crown'd
 On *Caucasus*, or the *Pyrenean* Mountains,
 You chuse the humbler Valley, and had rather
 Grow a safe Shrub below, than dare the Winds,
 And be a Cedar. Sir, you know there is not
 Half so much Honour in the Pilot's Place,
 As Danger in the Storm. Poor windy Titles
 Of Dignity and Offices, that puff up
 The bubble Pride till it swell big and burst;
 What are they but brave Nothings? Toys call'd H
 nours

Make them on whom they are bestow'd no better
 Than glorious Slaves, the Servants of the Vulgar.
 Men sweat at Helm, as much as at the Oar.
 There is a Glass within shall shew you, Sir,
 The Vanity of these Silk-Worms, that do think
 They toyl not, 'cause they spin so fine a Thread.

Micro. I'll see it. Honour is a Babies Rattle,

And let blind *Fortune* where she will, bestow her ;
Lay me on Earth, and I shall fall no lower. *Exit.*

Cau. Colax. What News?

Col. The *Persian* Emperor
Is desperately sick.

Cau. Heaven take his Soul!

When I am the Grand *Sophie*, (as 'tis likely
I may be) *Colax*, thou art made for ever.

Col. The *Turk* they say prepares again for *Poland*.

Cau. And I no *Bashaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!

Col. The State of *Venice* too is in distraction.

Cau. And can that State be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chuse their Duke?

Col. Our Merchants do report th' Inhabitants there
Are now in consultation for the setting
The Crown upon a more deserving Head
Than his that bears it.

Cau. Then my Fortunes rise

On confident Wings, and all my hopes fly certain.

Colax, be bold, thou seest the *Prestor-John*.

Well *England*, of all Countries in the World

Most blind to thy own good. Other Nations

Woo me to take the Bridle in my Hand,

With Gifts and Presents; had I liv'd in *Rome*,

Who durst with *Caunus* stand a Candidate?

I might have choice of *Ædile*, *Consul*, *Tribune*,

Or the perpetual *Dictator's* Place;

I could discharge 'em all; I know my Merits

Are large, and boundless: A *Cesar* might be hew'd

Out of a Carpenter, if a skilful Workman

But undertook it.

Colax. 'Tis a worthy Confidence.

Let Birds of Night and Shame, with their Owls Eyes

Not dare to gaze upon the Sun of Honour;

They are no Presidents for Eagles: Bars,

Like dull *Micropsychus*, Things of Earth, and Lead,

May love a private Safety; Men in whom

Prometheus has spent much of his stoll'n Fire,

Mount upwards like a Flame, and court bright Honour
Hedg'd in with thousand Dangers! What's a Man
Without desert? and what's desert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich
That holds within his House some buried Chests
Of Gold, or Pearl, and knows not where to look 'em?
What was the Load-stone, till the Use was found,
But a foul Dotard on a fouler Mistress?

I praise your *Argus* Eyes, that not alone
Shoot their Beams forwards, but reflect and turn
Back on themselves, and find an Object there
More worthy their intentive Contemplation:
You are at home no Stranger, but are grown
Acquainted with your Vertues, and can tell
What use the Pearl is of, which Dunghill Cocks
Scrape into Dirt again. This searching Judgment
Was not intended to work Wood, but Men.
Honour attends you. I shall live to see
A Diadem crown that Head. There is within
A Glass that will acquaint you with all places
Of Dignity, Authority, and Renown,
The State, and Carriage of them: Chuse the best,
Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.

Cau. I go, that want no Worth to merit Honour;
'Tis Honour that wants Worth to merit Me.
Fortune, thou Arbitress of humane things,
Thy Credit is at Stake: If I but rise,
The Worlds Opinion will conceive th'haſt Eyes.

Exit.

Enter Orgylus. Aorgus.

Rosc. These are the Extremes of Meekness. *Orgylus*
an angry quarrellsome Man, mov'd with the least Shade
or Appearance of Injury. The other in defect, *Aorgus*
a Fellow so patient, or rather insensible of Wrong, that
is not capable of the grossest Abuse.

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a Fury
That carries Steel about him. Dags and Pistols!

To bite his Thumb at me !

Aor. Why should not any Man
Bite his own Thumb ?

Org. At me ? Wear I a Sword
To see Men bite their Thumbs ! —Rapiers and Dag-
He is the Son of a Whore. (gers—

Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some Pretence
T'have mov'd this Anger ; he may bite his own,
And eat it too.

Org. Muskets, and Cannons ! eat it ?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here ;
I'll try his Estridge Stomach.

Aor. Sir, Be patient.

Org. You lie in your Throat, and I will not.

Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent Madness ?
Pray be milder.

Org. Your Mother was a Whore , and I will not
put it up.

Aor. Why should so slight a Toy thus trouble you ?

Org. Your Father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd ;

Aor. When Reason doth in equal ballance poize
The nature of two Injuries, yours to me
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
An even Scale ; and yet it moves not me ;
My Anger is not up.

Org. But I will raise it ;
You are a Fool !

Aor. I know it ; and shall I
Be angry for a Truth ?

Org. You are besides,
An arrant Knave !

Aor. So are my Betters, Sir.

Org. I cannot move him—O my Spleen—it rises !
For very Anger I could eat my Knuckles !

Aor. You may, or bite your Thumb, all's one to me.

Org. You are a horned Beast, a very Cuckold !

Aor. 'Tis my Wife's Fault, not mine; I have no
Then to be angry for another's Sin. (reason)

Org. And I did graft your Horns; you might have
come

And found us glew'd together like two Goats,
And stood a Witness to your Transformation.

Aor. Why, if I had, I am so far from Anger,
I would have e'en fall'n down upon my Knees,
And desir'd Heaven to have forgiven you both.

Org. Your Children are all Bastards; not one of 'em
Upon my Knowledg, of your own begetting.

Aor. Why then, I am the more beholding to 'em
That they will call me Father; it was Lust
Perchance, that did beget 'em, but I am sure
'Tis Charity to keep the Infants.

Org. Not yet stirr'd?

'Tis done of meer Contempt; he will not now
Be angry, to express his Scorn of me.

'Tis above Patience this, insufferable.
Proclaim me Coward, if I put up this!

Dotard, you will be angry, will you not?

Aor. To see how strange a Course fond Wrath doth
You will be angry 'cause I am not so. (go)

Org. I can endure no longer, if your Spleen
Lye in your Breech; thus I will kick it up——

Aor. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta,
Theta, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi,
Rho, Sigma, Tau, Ypsilon, Phi, Chi, Psi, Omega.

Org. How! What Contempt is this?

Aor. An Antidote

Against the Poyson, Anger: 'Twas prescrib'd
A Roman Emperour; that on every Injury,
Repeated the Greek Alphabet; that being done,
His Anger too was over. This good Rule
I learn'd from him, and practise.

Org. Not yet angry?

Still will you vex me? I will prattle too, (Kicks)

Aor. Aleph, Beth, Gimel.

Org. What new Alphabet

Is this?

Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I use

As a second Remedy.

Org. O my Torment still!

Are not your Buttocks angry with my Toes?

Aor. For ought I feel, your Toes have more occasion

To be angry with my Buttocks.

Org. Well;

I'll try your Physick for the third Assault,

And exercise the Patience of your Nose.

Aor. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,

R, S, T, V, W, X, Y, Z.

Org. Are you not angry now?

Aor. Now, Sir? Why now?

Now have you done?

Org. O 'tis a meer Plot this,

To jeer my Tameness! Will no Sense of Wrong

Waken the Lethargy of a Coward's Soul?

Will not this rouse her from her dead Sleep? nor this?

Aor. Why should I, Sir, be angry if I suffer

An Injury? It is not Guilt of mine;

No, let it trouble them that do the Wrong;

Nothing but Peace approaches Innocence.

Org. A Bitterness o'reflows me! my Eyes flame!

My Blood boyls in me! all my Faculties

Of Soul and Body, move in a disorder,

His Patience hath so tortur'd me! Sirrah, Villain,

I will dissect thee with my Rapiers Point;

Rip up each Vein and Sinew of his Stoick,

Anatomize him, searching every Entrail,

To see if Nature, when she made this As,

This suffering As, did not forget to give him

Some Gall.

Col. Put it up, good *Orgylus*,

Let him not glory in so brave a Death,

As by your hand; it stands not with your Honour,

To stain your Rapier in a Cowards Blood.

The *Lesbian* Lyons, in their noble Rage,
Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorn;
But trouble not the painted Butter-Fly,
Ants crawl securely by him.

Org. 'Tis intolerable!
Would Thou wert worth the killing!

Colax. A good With,
Savouring as well Discretion, as bold Valour:
Think not of such a baffl'd Ass as this,
More Stone than Man. *Medusa's* Head has turn'd him.
There is in Ants a Choler; every Fly
Carries a Spleen: Poor Worms, being trampled on,
Turn Tail, as bidding battle to the Feet
Of their Oppressors. A dead Palsy sure
Hath struck a desperate Numness through his Soul,
Till it be grown insensible: Meer Stupidity
Hath seiz'd him. Your more manly Soul I find
Is capable of Wrong; and like a Flint,
Throws forth a Fire into the Strikers Eyes.
You bear about you Valours Whetstone, Anger;
Which sets an Edge upon the Sword, and makes it
Cut with a Spirit; you conceive fond Patience
Is an Injustice to our selves; the suffering
One Injury, invites a second; that
Calls on a third, till Wrongs do multiply,
And Reputation bleed. How bravely Anger
Becomes that martial Brow! A Glass within
Will shew you, Sir, when your great Spleen doth rile
How Fury darts a Lightning from your Eyes.

Org. Learn Anger, Sir, against you meet Me next;
Never was Man like me with Patience vex'd. *Exit.*

Aor. I am so far from Anger in my self,
That 'tis my Grief I can make others so.

Col. It proves a Sweetness in your Disposition,
A gentle winning Carriage---dear *Aorgus*;
O give me leave to open wide my Breast;
And let so rare a Friend into my Soul.
Enter, and take Possession! Such a Man

As has no Gall, no Bitterness, no Exceptions,
 Whom Nature meant a Dove, will keep alive
 The Flame of Amity, where all Discourse
 Flows innocent, and each free Jest is taken.
 He's a good Friend, will pardon his Friends Errors;
 But he's a better, takes no notice of 'em.
 How like a Beast, with rude and savage Rage,
 Breath'd the distemper'd Soul of *Orgylus*!
 The proneness of this Passion is the Nurse
 That fosters all Confusion, ruins States,
 Depopulates Cities, lays great Kingdoms waste;
 'Tis that Affection of the Mind that wants
 The strongest Bridle; give it Reins, it runs
 A desperate Course, and drags down Reason with it.
 It is the Whirlwind of the Soul, the Storm
 And Tempest of the Mind, that raises up
 The Billows of disturbed Passions
 To Shipwreck Judgment; O---a Soul like yours,
 Constant in Patience! Let the Northern Wind meet
 The South at Sea, and *Zephyrus* breathe opposite
 To *Eurus*; Let the Two and thirty Sons
 Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow
 The Ocean, and dispeople all the Woods;
 Yet here would be a Calm; it is no Danger
 Can make this Cheek look pale, nor Injury
 Call Blood into it. There's a Glass within
 Will let you see your self, and tell you now,
 How sweet a Tameness dwells upon your Brow.

Aor. *Colax*, I must believe, and therefore go; **¶**
 Who is distrustful, will be angry too. *Exit.*

Enter Alazon, Eiron.

Rosc. The next are the Extremes of Truth: *Alazon*,
 one that arrogates that to himself which is not his; and
Eiron, one, that out of an itch to be thought modest, dis-
 sembles his Qualities; the one erring in defending a Fals-
 hood, and the other offending in denying a Truth.

Alaz.

Alaz. I hear you're wondrous valiant ;

Eir. I ! alas !

Who told you I was valiant ?

Alaz. The World speaks it.

Eir. She is deceiv'd ; but does she say so truly ?

Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the Age ;
But she calls you *Achilles*.

Eir. I *Achilles* !

No, I am not *Achilles* : I confess

I am no Coward.—That the World should think

That I am an *Achilles* ! Yet the World may

Call me what she pleases.

Alaz. Next to my Valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.

Eir. I may have my share ;

But the last Valour shew'd in *Christendom*,

Was in *Lepanto*.

Alazon. He might be thought so, Sir, by them that

But I have found him a poor baff'd Snake :

Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him Coward

On every Post i'th' City.

Eiron. Who ?

Alaz. *Lepanto*,

The Valour, Sir, that you so much renown.

Eir. *Lepanto* was no Man, Sir, but the Place
Made Famous by the so much mention'd Battle
Betwixt the Turks and the Christians.

Alaz. Cry you Mercy !

Then the *Lepanto* that I meant, it seems,

Was but *Lepanto's* Name-sake. . . I can

Find that you are well skill'd in History.

Eir. Not a whit ; a Novice, I ! I could, perchance,
Discourse from *Adam* downward ; but what's that
To History ? All that I know is only
Th' original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every Common-wealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,

Appian

Appian, Dion, Junius, Paternulus,
 With *Florus, Justine, Salust*, and some few
 More of the *Latin*: For the modern, I
 Have all without Book, *Gallo-Belgicus,*
Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Guicciardine,
 The *Turkish* and *Ægyptian* Histories,
 With those of *Spain, France,* and the *Netherlands.*
 For *England, Polydore Virgil, Camden, Speed,*
 And a matter of forty more; nothing,
 Alas! to one that's read in Histories.
 In the *Greek* I have a smack or so, at
Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, and
Stowe's Chronicle.

Alaz. Believe me, Sir, and that
Stowe's Chronicle is very good *Greek*; you little
 Think who writ it! Do you not see him? are
 You blind? I am the Man.

Eir. Then I must number
 You with my best Authors in my Library.

Alaz. Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture
 With other Names, to shun the Opinion (Cens)
 Of Arrogance; so the subtle Cardinal
 Calls one Book *Bellarmino*, another *Testatus*,
 Yet one Man's Labour both. You talk of Numbering;
 You cannot chuse but hear how loud Fame speaks
 Of my Experience in Arithmetick:
 She says you too grow near Perfection.

Eir. Far from it I; some insight, but no more.
 I count the Stars, can give the Total Sum
 How many Sands there be i'th' Sea; but these
 Are Trifles to the Expert, that have study'd
Penkethman's President. Sir, I have no Skill
 In any thing; if I have any, 'tis
 In Languages; but yet in sooth, I speak
 Only my Mother Tongue; I have not gain'd
 The *Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac,* or *Arabick*;
 Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and *Tom Choriato* both excell me.

I have no Skill in *French, Italian, Spanish,*
Turkish, Egyptian, China, Persian Tongues.
 Indeed the *Latin* I was whipt into ;
 But *Rusſian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian,*
 With *Saxon, Daniſh, and Albanian Speech ;*
 That of the *Coffacks, and Hungarian too,*
 With *Biſcays,* and the prime of Languages ;
Dutch, Welch, and Iriſh are too hard for me
 To be familiar in : and yet ſome think
 (But thought is free) that I do ſpeak all theſe
 As I were born in each ; but they may err
 That think ſo : 'Tis not every Judgment ſits
 In the infallible Chair. To confeſs Truth,
 I might in their own proper Speech inſtruct
 All *Europe, Aſia, and Africa* too ;
 But in *America,* and the New-found World,
 I very much fear there be ſome Languages
 That would go near to puzzle me.

Alaz. Very likely.

You have a pretty pittance in the Tongues ;
 But, *Eiron,* I am now more general ;
 I can ſpeak all alike ; there is no Stranger
 Of ſo remote a Nation hears me talk,
 But confidently calls me Country-man.
 The witty World, giving my Worth her due,
 Surnames me the Confuſion : I but want
 An Orator like you to ſpeak my Praise.

Eir. Am I an Orator, *Alazon* ? No ;
 Though it hath pleas'd the wiſer few to lay
Demosthenes was not ſo eloquent ;
 But Friends will flatter, and I am not bound
 To believe all Hyperboles : Something, Sir,
 Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
 Eſpecially, *Alazon,* in your Preſence.

Alaz. Your Modeſty, *Eiron,* ſpeaks but truth in this
Colax. I need not flatter theſe, they'll do't themſelves
 And croſs the Proverb, that was wont to ſay,
One Mule doth ſcrub another ; here each Aſs
 Hath learn'd to claw himſelf.

Alaz.

Alaz. I do surpass
All Orators. How like you my Orations?
Those against *Catiline*, I account them best,
Except my *Philippicks*; all acknowledge me
Above the three great Orators of *Rome*.

Eir. What three, *Alazon*?

Alaz. *Marcus, Tullius,*
And *Cicero*, the best of all the three. (Man.)

Eir. Why those three Names are all the self-same

Alaz. Then all is one. Were those three Names
three Men,

I should excell 'em all.—And then for Poetry.—

Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*.

Alaz. Alas! 'twas writ i'th' Non-age of my Muse.
You understand th' *Italian*?

Eir. A little, Sir;

I have read *Tasso*.

Alaz. And *Torquato* too?

Eir. They're still the same.

Alaz. I find you very skilful,
I err only to sound your Judgment.
You are a Poet too.

Eir. The World may think so,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for't.
But I will tell you, Sir, some Excellent Verses,
Made by a Friend of mine; I have not read
A better Epigram of a Neoterick.

Alaz. Pray do my Eyes the Favour, Sir, to let me
learn 'em. (fright)

Eir. Strange Sights there late were seen, that did af-
The Multitude; the Moon was seen by Night,
And Sun appear'd by Day—Is it not good?

Ala. Excellent good! proceed.

Eir. Without Remorse
Each Star and Planet kept their wonted Course.
What here could fright 'em? (mark the Answer now)

O Sir! ask not that;
The Vulgar know not why they fear, nor what.

But

*But in their Humours so inconstant be,
Nothing seems strange to them but Constancy.*

Has not my Friend approv'd himself a Poet ?

Alaz. The Verses, Sir, are excellent, but your Friend Approves himself a Thief.

Eir. Why good *Alazon* ?

Alaz. A Plagiary, I mean ; the Verses, Sir, Were stoll'n.

Eir. From whom ?

Alaz. From me, believ't, I made 'em.

Eir. They are, alas ! unworthy, Sir, your owning, Such Trifles as my Muse had stumbled on This Morning.

Alaz. Nay, they may be yours : I told you That you come near me, Sir. Yours they may be. Good Wits may jump : but let me tell you, *Eiron*, Your Friend must steal 'em, if he have 'em.

Col. What pretty Gulls are these ? I'll take 'em off. *Alazon*, you are learn'd.

Alaz. I know that.

Col. And vertuous.

Alaz. 'Tis confess'd.

Col. A good Historian.

Alaz. Who dares deny it ?

Col. A rare Arithmerician.

Alaz. I have heard it often.

Col. I commend your Care, That know your Vertues ; why should Modesty Stop good Mens Mouths from their own Praise ? our (Neighbour

Are envious, and will rather blast our Memories With Infamy, than immortalize our Names : When Fame hath taken cold, and lost her Voice, We must be our own Trumpets ; careful Men Will have an Inventory of their Goods, And why not of their Vertues ? Should you say You were not wise, it were a Sin to Truth. Let *Eiron's* Modesty tell bashful Lies,

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Ala.
Co.
Ala.
Co.
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Eiron,
Eir.
Co.
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Can it
In Men
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Know
Eir.

To cloak and masque his Parts ; he's a Fool for't.
 Twas Heav'ly Counsel bid us *know our selves*.
 You may be confident, chaunt your own Encomiums.
 Ring out a Panegyrick to your self ;
 And your self write the learned Commentary
 Of your own Actions.

Ala. So I have.

Co. Where is it ?

Ala. 'Tis stol'n.

Co. I know the Thief ; they call him *Cesar*.
 Go in good Sir ; there is within, a Glass
 That will present you with the Felon's Face. *Ex. Ala.*
Eiron, You hear the News ?

Eir. Not I, what is it ?

Co. That you are held the only Man of Art.

Eir. Is't currant, *Colax* ?

Co. Currant as the Air ;

Every Man breathes it for a Certainty.

Eir. This is the first time I heard on't in truth !
 Can it be certain ? so much Charity left
 In Men's Opinion ?

Co. You call that Charity,

Which is their Duty. Vertue, Sir, like yours,
 Commands Mens Praises. Emptiness and Folly,
 Such as *Alaxon* is, use their own Tongues,
 While real Worth *hears* her own Praise, not *speaks* it.
 Other Men's Mouths become your Trumpeters,
 And winged Fame proclaims you loudly forth
 From East to West, till either Pole admire you.
 Self-praise is bragging, and begets the Envy
 Of them that hear it, while each Man therein
 Seems undervalu'd : You are wisely silent
 In your own Worth, and therefore 'twere a Sin
 For others to be so: The Fish would lose
 Their being mute, e're such a modest Worth
 Should want a Speaker: Yea, Sir, I would have you
 Know your own Vertues, be acquainted with 'em.

Eir. Why, good Sir, bring me but acquainted with
 'em.

F

Col

Col. There is a Glass within shews you your self
By a Reflection; go and seek 'em there.

Eir. I should be glad to see 'em any where. *Ex. Eir.*

Rosc. Retire your selves again, for these are Sights
Made to revive, not burden with Delights.

Excunt omnes

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS 4. SCENE 1.

Enter Flowrdew, Bird, Roscius.

Bird. **M**Y Indignation boyleth like a Por,
An over-heated Por! still, still it boyleth!
It boyleth, and it bubbleth with Disdain.

Flow. My Spirit within me too, fumeth, I say
Fumeth, and steemeth up, and runneth o're
With holy Wrath, at these Delights of Flesh!

Rosc. The Actors beg your Silence——*The next Verse*
sue, whose Extremes we would present, wants a Name
both in the Greek and Latin:

Bird. Wants it a Name? 'Tis an unchristian Vertue

Rosc. But they describe it such a Mod'sty as direct
us in the pursuit, and the refusal of the meaner Honour
and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magni-
ficence: But here, that Humour of the Persons being
already forestall'd, and no Pride now so much practis'd
or countenanc'd as that of Apparel, let me present you
Philotimia, an over-curious Lady, too neat in her Attire
and for Aphilotimus Luparius, a nasty sordid Sloven.

Flow. Pride is a Vanity worthy the Correction.

Enter Philotimia, Luparus, Colax.

Phil. What Mole dress't me to day? O Patience!
Who would be troubled with these Mop-ey'd Cham-
ber-Maids?

There

There's a whole Hair on this side more than t'other,
I am no Lady else. Come on you Sloven.
Was ever Christian Lady so tormented
To wed a Swine as I am? Make you ready.

Lupa. I would the Taylor had been hang'd for me
That first invented Cloaths—O Nature, Nature!
More cruel unto Man than all thy Creatures!
Calves come into the World with Doublets on;
And Oxen have no Breeches to put off.
The Lamb is born with her Freez-coat about her:
Hogs go to Bed in rest, and are not troubl'd
With pulling on their Hose and Shoes i'th' Morning,
With gartering, trimming, combing, buttoning,
And a thousand Torments that afflict Humanity.

Phi. To see her Negligence! She hath made this
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten (Cheek
The Natural Redness of my Nose; she knows not
What it is wants dealbation. O fine Memory!
If she has not set me in the self-same Teeth
That I wore Yesterday, I am a Jew.

Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
Or that my Mouth stands as the Vulgar does?—
What are you snoring there? You'll rise you Sluggard,
And make you ready?

Lupa. Rise, and make you ready?
Two Works of that, your happy Birds make one;
They, when they rise, are ready. Blessed Birds!
They, fortunate Creatures! sleep in their own Clothes,
And rise with all their Feather-beds about 'em.
You'd Nakedness were come again in Fashion;
I have some hope now, when the Breasts go bare
Their Bodies too will come to it in time.

Phi. Beshrew her for't; this Wrinkle is not fill'd.—
You'll go and wash—You are a pretty Husband!

Lupa. Our Sow ne'er washes, yet she has a Face
Methinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is,
You durst wear your own.

Co. Madam *Superbia*,

You're studying the Lady's Library,
 The *Looking-glass* ; 'Tis well ! so great a Beauty
 Must have her Ornaments. Nature adorns
 The Peacock's Tail with Stars ; 'tis she attires
 The Bird of Paradise in all her Plumes ;
 She decks the Fields with various Flowers ; 'tis she
 Spangl'd the Heav'ns with all those glorious Lights ;
 She spotted th' Ermin's Skin ; and arm'd the Fish
 In silver Mail. But Man she sent forth naked,
 Not that he should remain so, but that he,
 Indued with Reason, should adorn himself
 With every one of these. The Silk-worm is
 Only Man's Spinner, else we might suspect
 That she esteem'd the painted Butter-flie
 Above her Master-piece. You are the Image
 Of that bright Goddess, therefore wear the Jewels
 Of all the East ; let the Red-sea be ransack'd
 To make you glitter. Look on *Luparus*
 Your Husband there, and see how in a Sloven
 All the best Characters of Divinity,
 Not yet worn out in Man, are lost and buried.

Phi. I see it to my Grief, pray counsel him,

Col. This Vanity, in your nice Lady's Humour,
 Of being so curious in her Toys and Dresses,
 Makes me suspicious of her Honesty.
 These Cobweb-lawns catch Spiders, Sir, believe it
 You know that Cloaths do not commend the Man,
 But 'tis his Vertue ; Though this Age prefer
 A Cloak of Plush, before a Brain of Art,
 You understand what Misery 'tis to have
 No Worth but that we owe the Draper for.
 No doubt you spend the Time your Lady loses
 In tricking up her Beauty, to cloath the Soul.

Lup. To cloath the Soul ? Must the Soul too be
 I protest, Sir, I had rather have no Soul, (cloath'd
 Than be tormented with the cloathing of it.

Rosc. To these enter the Extremes of Modesty, a near
Kinswoman of the Vertues, Anaïscentia or Impudence

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a Baw'd; and Kataplectus, an over-bashful Scholar: Where our Author hopes the Women will pardon him, if of four and twenty Vices, he presents but two (Pride and Impudence) of their Sex.

Enter Anaiskyntia, Kataplectus.

Phil. Here comes *Anaiskyntia* too;—O Fates!

Acolaustus and *Astutus* have sent for me.

And my Breath not perfum'd yet!

Are the Gentlemen there already?

Kat. O sweet
(Mother!

Anais. Come away;

Are you not ashamed to be so bashful? Well;

If I had thought of this in time, I would

As soon have seen you fairly hang'd, as sent you

To th' University.

Phil. What Gentleman is that?

Anais. A shamefac'd Scholar, Madam.—Look upon

Speak to her, or you lose your Exhibition.— (her,

You'll speak I hope; wear not away your Buttons.

Kata. What should I say?

Anais. Why, tell her you are glad

To see her Ladyship in Health; Nay, out with it!

Katap.—*Gaudeo te bene valere.*—

Phil. A pretty Proficient!

What Standing is he of i'th' University? (dam—

Anais. He dares not answer to that Question, Ma-

Phil. How long have you been in the Academy?

Katap. *Profecto Do—Domina sum Bac—Bac—Bac—*
chalaureus Artium.

Phil. What pity 'tis he is not impudent!

Anais. Nay, all my Cost I see is spent in vain;

I having, as your Ladyship knows full-well,

Good Practice in the Suburbs; and by reason

That our Mortality there, is very subject

To an Infection of the French Disease,

I brought my Nephew up i'th' University,

Hoping he might (having attain'd some Knowledge)

Save me the Charge of keeping a Physician ;
But all in vain : He is so bashful, Madam,
He durst not look upon a Woman's Water.

Colax. Sweet Gentleman, proceed in Bashfulness,
'Tis Vertue's best Preserver——

Kata. *Refle dicis, sic inquit Aristoteles.*

Col. That being gone,
The rest soon follow, and a swarm of Vice
Enters the Soul ; no Colour but a Blush (ness
Becomes a young Man's Cheek : Pure Shameful-
Is Porter to the Lips, and Ears, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of Man, but what
Is Good, and Modest. Nature strives to hide
The parts of Shame ; let her, the best of Guides.—

Katap. *Natura dux optima.*

Colax. Teach us to do so too in our Discourse.

Katap. *Gratias tibi ago.*

Phil. Inure him to speak bawdy.

Anais. A very good way !—*Kataplectus*, here's a Lady
Would hear you speak obscenely. (tuis.

Katap. *Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportet.*

Anais. Off goes your Velvet Cap ! Did I maintain
To have you disobedient ? You'll be perswaded ? (you

Katap. *Liberis operam dare.*

Anais. What's that in *English* ?

Katap. To do an Endeavour for Children. (day !

Anais. Some more of this, it may be something one

Katap. *Communis est omnium animantium conjuncti-*
onis Appetitus procreandi causa.

Phil. Construe me that. (tite to

Katap. All Creatures have a natural Desire, or Appe-
Be-joynd together in the lawful Bands of Matrimony,
That they may have Sons and Daughters.

Anais. Your Landress has bestow'd her Time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper Terms ?
If you should catechize my Head, and say,
What is your Name ? would it not say, a Head ?
So would my Skin confess it self a Skin ;

Nor

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Col.
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Nay,
It is

Nor any part about me be asham'd
Of its own Name, although I catechiz'd
All over. Come, good Nephew, let not me
Have any Member of my Body nick-nam'd.

Col. Our Stoick, the gravest of Philosophers,
Is just of your Opinion, and thus argues:
Is any thing obscene? The Filthiness
Is either grounded in the Things themselves,
Or in the Words that signify those things;
Not in the Things, that would make Nature guilty;
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaste, and honest. If not in the Things,
How in the Words, the shadows of those Things?
To manure Grounds, is a chaste honest Term;
Another word that signifies the same,
Unlawful. Every Man endures to hear
He got a Child; Speak plainer, and he blushes,
Yet means the same. The Stoick thus disputes,
That would have Men to breathe as freely downward,
As they do upward.

Anais. I commend him, Madam,
Unto your Ladyships Service, he may mend
With Counsel; let him be your Gentleman-Usher;
Madam, you may, in time, bring down his Legs
To the just size, now over-grown with playing
Too much at Foot-ball.

Philo. So he will prove a Stoick.
I long to have a Stoick strut before me.
Here kiss my Hand. Come, what is that in *Latin*?

Kata: *De osculor manum.*

Philo. My Lip;—nay, Sir, you must if I command

Katap. *Osculor te, vel osculor a te.* (you.

Philo. His Breath smells strong.

Anais. 'Tis but of *Logick*, Madam.

Philo. He will come to it one day—you shall go with
To see an exquisite Glass to dress me by.— (me
Nay, go! you must go first; you are too mannerly.
It is the Office of your Place,—So—on—

Exeunt.

Colax.

Colax. Slow *Luparus* rise, or you'll be metamorphos'd;
Alecon's Fate is imminent.

Lup. Where's my Wife? (Bawd.

Colax. She's gone with a young Snip, and an old

Lup. Then I am cuckolded; if I be, my Comfort is,
 She has put me on a Cap, that will not trouble me
 With pulling off. Yet, Madam, I'll prevent you. *Exit.*

Rosc. The next are the Extremes of Justice.

Enter Justice Nimis, Justice Nihil.
Plus and Parum their Clerks.

Nim. Plus!

Plus. What says your Worship?

Nim. Have my Tenants

That hold their Lease of Lust here in the Suburbs,
 By Copy-hold from me, their Lord in Chief,
 Paid their Rent-charge?

Plus. They have, an't please your Worship;
 I, Receiver-General, have given 'em my Acquaintance.

Parum. Sir, I resign my Pen and Ink-horn to you;
 I shall forget my Hand if I stay here.

I have not made a *Mitimus* since I serv'd you.

Were I a Reverend Justice, as you are,

I would not sit a Cypher on the Bench,

But do as Justice *Nimis* does, and be

The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.

Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam*,
 Instead of your *Totums*. People shall not wish

To see my Spurs fil'd off; it does me good

To take a merciful Nap upon the Bench,

Where I so sweetly dream of being pitiful,

I wake the better for it.

Nim. The yearly Value

Of my fair Mannor of *Clerken-well*, is—Pounds

So many—besides New-year's Capons. The Lordship

Of *Turnhall* so—which, with my *Pick-hatch* Grange

And *Shoreditch* Farm, and other Premises

Ad-

Adjoyning—Very good! a pretty Maintenance
To keep a Justice of Peace, and *Quorum* too!
Besides the Fines I take of young Beginners,
With Harriots of all such as do, *quatenus* Whores,
And ruin'd Bawds; with all Amercements due
To such as hunt in Purlieu; This is something,
With my own Game reserv'd!

Plus. Besides, a pretty Pittance too for Me,
That am your Worship's Bailly!

Parum. Will't please your Worship, Sir, to hear
the Catalogue

Of such Offenders, as are brought before you?

Nihil. It does not please me, Sir, to hear of any
That do offend; I wou'd the World were innocent.
Yet, to expresse my Mercy, you may read 'em.

Par. First, here is one accus'd for cutting a Purse.

Nihil. Accus'd? Is that enough? If it be Guilt
To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?

Discharge him, *Parum.*

Parum. Here's another brought
For the same Fact, ta'ne in the very Action.

Nihil. Alas! it was for Need, bid him take warning,
And so discharge him too; 'tis the first time.

Nimis. *Plus,* say, What hopes of Gain brings this
days Sin?

Plus. *Anaiskyntia*, Sir, was at Door,
Brought by the Constable.

Nimis. Set the Constable by the Heels.
She's at certain with us.

Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the Bawd.

Nim. A Tenant too!

Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence.*

Nim. Search o'r my Doomfday-Book; is not the *Plus,*
One of my last Compounders?

Plus. I remember it.

Then there is jumping *Jude*, heroick *Doll*,
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Ciss* your Worship's Sinner.

Nim. All Subsidy Women, go free 'em all.

Parum.

Parum. Sir, here's a known Offender ; one that has
Been stock'd and whip'd innumerable times,
Has suffer'd *Bridewell* often ; not a Jail
But he's familiar with ; burnt in the Hand,
Forehead and Shoulder ; both his Ears cut off,
With his Nose slit ; what shall I do with him ?

Nihil. So often punish'd ? Nay, if no Correction
Will serve his turn, e'en let him run his Courle.

Plus. Here's Mrs. *Frailty* too, the Waiting-woman.

Nim. For what Offence ?

Plus. A Sin of Weakness too.

Nim. Let her be strongly whip'd.

Plus. An't please your Worship,
She has a Nobleman's Letter.

Nim. Tell her, *Plus*, she must
Have the King's Picture too.

Plus. Besides,
Sh'as promis'd me, I shou'd examin her
Above i'th' Garret.

Nim. What's all that to me ?

Plus. And she entreats your Worship to accept.

Nim. Nay, if she can *intreat in English*, *Plus*,
Say she is injur'd.

Par. Sir, here's *Snip* the Taylor,
Charg'd with a Riot.

Nihil. *Parum*, let him go,
He is our Neighbour.

Parum. Then there is a Stranger for quarrelling.

Nihil. A Stranger ! O 'tis pity
To hurt a Stranger ! we may be all Strangers,
And would be glad to find some Mercy, *Parum*.

Plus. Sir, here's a Gentlewoman of St. *Jones's*, is
Charg'd with Dishonesty.

Nim. With Dishonesty ?
Severity will amend her ; and yet, *Plus*,
Ask her a Question, if she will be honest ?

Plus. And here's a Cobler's Wife brought for a Scold.

Nim. Tell her of Cucking-stools, tell her there be
Oyster-

Oyster-Queans, with Orange-Women,
Carts and Coaches store, to make a Noise ;
Yet if she can *speake English*,
We may suppose her silent.

Par. Here's a Batchellor
And a Citizen's Wife for flat Adultery ;
What will you do with 'em ?

Nib. A Citizen's Wife !
Perchance her Husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then ?

Par. Yet I hope you'll bind over the Batchellor.

Nib. No ; Enquire
First if he have no Wife ; for if the Batchellor
Have not a Wife of his own, 'twas but Frailty ;
And Justice counts it Venial.

Plus. Here's one *Adicus*,
And *Sophron*, that do mutually accuse
Each other of flat Felony !

Nim. Of the two, which is the richer ?

Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.

Nim. Then *Sophron* is the Thief.

Plus. Here is, withal,

Panourgus come, with one call'd *Prodotes*,
Who lay Treason, Sir, to one anothers Charge :
Panourgus is the richer.

Nim. He's the Traytor then.

Plus. How, Sir ? the richer ?

Nim. Thou art ignorant, *Plus* ;
We must do some Injustice for our Credit,
Not all for Gain.

Plus. *Eutrapietes* complains, Sir,
Bomolochus has abus'd him.

Nim. Send *Eutrapietes* to'th' Jail.

Plus. It is *Eutrapietes* that complains, Sir.

Nim. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'twas he of-
fended.

Will must be Law : Wer't not for *Summum Jus*,
How could the Land subsist ?

Celax.

Colax. Ay, or the Justices,
 Maintain themselves---go on---The Land wants such
 As dare with Rigour execute her Laws.
 Her fester'd Members must be launch'd and tented;
 He's a bad Surgeon, that for Pity, spares
 The Part corrupted, till the Gangreen spread,
 And all the Body perish; he that's merciful
 Unto the Bad, is cruel to the Good.
 The Pillory must cure the Ear's Disease;
 The Stocks the Foot's Offences; let the Back
 Bear her own Sin, and her rank Blood purge forth
 By the Phlebotomy of a Whipping-Post:
 And yet the Secret, and Purse-Punishment,
 Is held the wiser Course; because, at once,
 It helps the Vertuous, and corrects the Virious.
 Let not the Sword of Justice sleep, and rust
 Within her Velvet Sheath; preserve her Edge,
 And keep it sharp with Cutting: Use must whet her;
 Tame Mercy is the Breast that suckles Vice,
 Till, *Hydra-like*, she multiply her Heads.
 Tread you on Sin, squeeze out the Serpent's Brains,
 All you can find—for some have lurking Holes
 Where they lye hid. But there's within, a Glass
 Will shew you every close Offender's Face.

Nim. Come, *Plus*, let's go in to find out those Con-
 cealments;

We will grow rich, and purchase Honour thus—
 I mean, to be a *Baron of Summum Jus*. *Exit. Ni. Plus.*

Parum. You are the strangest Man! you will ac-
 knowledge

None for Offenders! here's one apprehended
 For Murther.

Nihil. How!

Par. He kill'd a Man last Night.

Nim. How came it to pass?

Par. Upon a falling out.

Nib. They shall be Friends, I'll reconcile 'em, *Parum.*

Par. One of them is dead.

Nib. Is he not buried yet ?

Par. No, Sir.

Nib. Why then, I say, they shall shake Hands.

Col. As you have done

With Clemency, most Reverend Justice *Nihil*,
A gentle Mildness thrones it self within you,
Your Worship wou'd have Justice use her Ballance
More than her Sword ; nor can you endure to dye
The Robe she wears deep Scarlet, in the Blood
Of poor Offenders ! How many Men hath Rigour
By her too hasty and severe Proceedings
Prevented from Amendment, that perchance (Stians ?
Might have turn'd honest, and have prov'd good Chri-
Should Jove not spare his Thunder, but as often
Discharge at us, as we dart Sins at him,
Earth would want Men, and He himself want Arms,
And yet tire *Vulcan* and *Pyracmon* too.

You imitate the Gods ! and he sins less
Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amiss.
I wou'd not have Justice too *Faulcon*-ey'd ;
Sometimes a wilfull Blindness much becomes her ;
As when upon the Bench she sleeps, and winks
At the Transgressions of Mortality :
In which most merciful Posture, I have seen
Your pitiful Worship snoring out Pardons
To the despairing Sinner. — There's within
A Mirroure, Sir, like you. Go see your Face,
How like *Astreas* 'tis in her own Glas.

Par. And I'll petition Justice *Nimis*'s Clerk
To admit Me for his Under-Officer.

Exeunt.

Enter Agroicus.

Rosc. This is *Agroicus*, a rustick clownish Fellow,
whose Discourse is all Countrey ; an Extreme of Urbani-
ty, whereby you may observe there is a Vertue in jesting.

Agro. They talk of witty Discourse and fine Con-
ceits, and I ken not what a deal of prittle-prattle,
would make a Cat piss to hear 'em. Cannot they be
content with their Grandam's *English* ? They think
they

they talk learnedly, when I had rather hear our brindle'd Cur howl, or Sow grunt. They must be breaking of Jest with a murrain, when I had as live hear 'em break Wind, Sirreverence! My Zon Dick is a pretty bookish Scholar of his Age, God blefs him! he can write and read, and make Bonds and Bills, and Hobligations, God save all! But by'r Lady, If I wotted it would make him such a Jack-sawce, as to have more Wit than his Vore-vathers, he should have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keep a Tally: There is a new Trade lately come up to be a Vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em—Boets, a new Name vor Beggars I think, since the Statute against Gypsies. I would not have my Zon Dick one of those Boets for the best Pig in my Strye by the Mackins, Boets? Heav'n shield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer! If he can cry by, ho, gee, hur, gee, ho, it is better I trow than being a Boet. Boets? I had rather zee him remitted to the Jayl, and have his twelve Godvathers, good Men and true, condemn him to the Gallows, and there see him vairyly persecuted. There is *Bomolchus*, one of the Boets: Now a bots take all the Red-nose Tribe of 'em for *Agroicus*! He does so abuse his Betters! Well, 'twas a good World, when I yirft held the Plough!

Col. They car'd not then so much for *speaking well*, As to *mean honest*; and in you, still lives The good Simplicity of former Times: When to *do well* was Rhetorick, not to *talk*. The Tongue-Disease of Court, spreads her Infections Through the whole Kingdom, Flattery, that was wont To be confin'd within the Verge, is now Grown Epidemical; for all our Thoughts Are born between our Lips. The Heart is made A Stranger to the Tongue; as if it us'd A Language that she never understood. What is it to be witty in these Days, But to be bawdy, or prophane? at least Abusive? Wit is grown a perulant Wasp,

And

And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why;
 Spues Vinegar and Gall on all she meets,
 Without Distinction; buys Laughter with the Loss
 Of Reputation, Father, Kinsman, Friend;
 Haunts Ord'naries, only to deliver
 The idle Tympanies of a windy Brain,
 That beats and throbs above the Pain of Child-bed,
 Till every Ear she meets be made a Midwife
 To her light Bastard-Issue. How many times
Bomolochus's Sides and Shoulders ake and groan!
 He's so witty—here he comes—away.—

Agro. His Wit is dangerous, and I dare not stay. *Exit.*

Enter Bomolochus.

Rosc. This is the other Extreme of Urbanity. *Bomolochus*, a Fellow conceited of his own Wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base Dregs of Scandal, and a lump of most vile and loathsome Scurrility

Bird. I, this is he we look'd for all the while! Scurrility! here she bath her impious Throne! Here lies her heathenish Dominion, in this most impious Cell of Corruption!

For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer *Lymbo*, Where the black Devil and his Dam, Scurrility, do rule the Rost, foul Princes of the Air!

Scurrility! That is he that throweth Scandals, throweth, and throweth Scandals, as 'twere Dirt, even in the Face of Holiness and Devotion.

His Presence is contagious; like a Dragon

He belches Poyson forth, Poyson of the Pir,

Crimestone, hellish and sulphurous Poyson!

Will not stay, but fly as far as Zeal

Can hurry me—the Roof will fall and brain me,

I endure to hear his Blasphemies,

His graceless Blasphemies!

Rosc. He shall vent none here;

But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him.

Flow. Stay, Brother, I do find the Spirit grow strong.

Col. Hail sacred Wit! —Earth breeds not Bays enough

To crown thy spacious Merit.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. *Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,*
Or whatsoever other Wit did give
Old *Comedies* the Reins, and let her loose
To stigmatize what Brow she pleas'd with Slander,
Of People, Prince, Nobility—All must yield
To this Triumphant Brain.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. They say you'll lose a Friend before a Jest.
'Tis true, there's not a Jest that comes from you,
That is the true *Minerva* of this Brain,
But is of greater value than a World
Of Friends, were every pair of Men we meet
A *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. Some say you will abuse your Father too,
Rather than lose the Opinion of your Wit.
Who would not, that has such a Wit as yours?
'Twere better twenty Parents were expos'd
To Scorn and Laughter, than the simplest Thought,
Or least Conceit of yours, should dye Abortive,
Or perish a Brain-Embrio.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. How's this? that Tongue grown silent that Spoke
Stood still to admire?

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. 'Twere better that the Sphears should lose their
And all the Choristers of the Wood grow hoarse.
What Wolf hath spy'd you first?

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. Sure *Hermes*, envying that there was on Earth
An Eloquence more than his, has struck you dumb
Malicious Deity!

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. Go in, Sir, there's a Glass that will restore
That Tongue, whose Sweetness Angels might adore.

Bomo. Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—

Exit
Refr.

Rosc. Thus, Sir, you see how we have put a Gagg
In the licentious Mouth of base Scurrility;
He shall not, *this*-like, purge upward here,
T' infect the Place with pestilential Breath;
We'll keep him Tongue-ty'd; you, and all, I promise
By *Phæbus* and his Daughters, whose chaste Zones
Were never yet by impure Hands unry'd,
Our Language shall flow chaste; nothing sounds here
That can give just Offence to a strict Ear. (you.

Bid. This Gagg hath wrought my good Opinion of
Flow. I begin to think 'em lawful Recreations.

Col. Now there's none left here, whereon to practise,
I'll flatter my dear self——O that my Skill
Had but a Body, that I might embrace it,
Kiss it, and hug it, and beget a Brood,
Another Brood of pretty Skills upon it!
Were I divided, I would hare all Beauties,
And grow enamour'd with my other half!
Self-love, *Narcissus*, had not been a Fault,
Hadst thou, instead of such a beaurious Face,
Had but a Brain like mine. I can gild Vice,
And praise it into Alchymie, till it go
For perfect Gold, and cozen almost the Touchstone;
I can perswade a Toad into an Ox,
Till swell'd too big with my *Hyperboles*,
She burst asunder; And 'tis Vertue's Name
Lends me a Mask to scandalize her self.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do:
That Art is great, makes Vertue guilty too.
I have such strange Varieties of Colours,
Such shifts of Shapes, blue *Proteus* sure begot me
On a *Camelion*; and I change so quick,
That I suspect my Mother did conceive me,
As they say Mares do, on some Wind or other.
I'll peep to see how many Fools I've made
With a Report of a miraculous Glass.—
Heaven blest me! I am ruin'd! O my Brain,
Witty to my undoing! I have jested

My self into an Eternal Misery!
 I see lean Hunger with her meagre Face
 Ride Post to overtake me; I do prophesie
 A lent Immortal! *Phabus*, I could curse
 Thee and thy brittle Gifts: *Pandora's Box*,
 Compar'd with this, might be esteem'd a Blessing.
 The Glass, which I conceiv'd a fabulous Humour,
 Is to the height of Wonder prov'd a Truth.
 The two Extremes of every Vertue there,
 Beholding how they either did exceed,
 For want of just Proportion, joyn'd together,
 And are reduc'd into a perfect Mean:
 As when the skilfull and deep-learn'd Physician
 Does take two different Poysons, one that's cold,
 The other in the same degree of Heat,
 And blends them both to make an Antidote;
 Or as the Lutenist, takes Flats and Sharps,
 And out of thole so dissonant Notes, does strikē
 A ravishing Harmony. Now there is no Vice,
 'Tis a hard World for *Colax*: What shift now?
Dyscolus doth expect me—Since this Age
 Is grown too wise to entertain a Parasite,
 I'll to the Glass, and there turn Verruous too,
 Still strive to please, though not to flatter you. (*Exit.*)

Bird. There is good Use indeed to be made
 From their Conversion!

Flow. Very good insooth,
 And very edifying!

Rose. Give your Eyes some respite.
 You know already what our Vices be;
 In the next Act you shall our Vertues see. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 5. SCENA 1.

Rescius, Flowrdew, Bird.

Flow. NOW, verily, I find the devout Bee
 May suck the Honey of good Doctrine thence,
 And

And bear it to the Hive of her pure Family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious Spyder
Gathers her impious Venom! I have pick'd
Out of the Garden of this Play, a good
And wholsome Salad of Instruction.—
What do you next present?

Rosc. The several Verrues.

Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinal* Verrues there?

Rosc. There be nor.

Bird. Then I'll stay; I hate a Vertue
That will be made a *Cardinal*: *Cardinal*-Verrues,
Next to *Pope*-Verrues, are most impious.

Bishop-Verrues are unwarrantable;

I hate a Vertue in a *Morris*-dance.

I will allow of none but *Deacon*-Verrues,
Or *Elder*-Verrues.

Rosc. Those are *Moral*-Verrues.

Bird. Are they *Lay*-Verrues?

Rosc. Yes.

Bird. Then they are Lawful;
Verrues in Orders are unsanctify'd.

Rosc. We do present them Royal, as they are,
In all their State, in a full Dance.

Bird. What Dance?

No wanton Jigg I hope; no Dance is Lawful

but *Prinkum Prankum*!

Flow. Will Verrues dance?

No Vile, Absurd, Maypole Maid Marrian Verrues!

Rosc. Dancing is Lawful.

Flourish.

Enter Mediocrity.

Flow. Who's this?

Rosc. It is the Mother of Verrues.

Flow. Mother of Pearl, I think, she is so gawdy.

Rosc. It is the Golden *Mediocrity*.

Flow. She looketh like the Idol of *Chesapside*.

Med. I am that even Course that must be kept

To

To shun two dangerous Gulfs ; the middle Tract
 'Twixt *Sylla* and *Charybdis* ; the small *Isthmus*
 That suffers not th' *Aegean* Tide to meet
 The violent Rage of the *Ionian* Wave.
 I am a Bridge o're an imperuous Sea ;
 Free and safe Passage to the weary Step :
 But he whose Wantonness or Folly dares
 Decline to either side, falls desperate
 Into a certain Ruin, — Dwell with me,
 Whose Mansion is not plac'd so near the Sun,
 As to complain of's Neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
 With his Director Beams : Nor so remote
 From his bright Rays, as to be situate
 Under the Icy Pole of the cold Bear ;
 But in a temperate Zone : 'Tis I am She,
 I am the Golden *Mediocrity* !
 The Labour of whose Womb are all the Vertues,
 And every Passion too commendable :
 Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
 All but one Birth ; no difference to distinguish 'em,
 But a Respect they bear to several Objects ;
 Else had their Names been one, as are their Features.
 So when eleven fair Virgins of a Blood,
 All Sisters, and alike grown ripe of Years,
 March into several Houses, from each Family
 Each makes a Name distinct, and all are different :
 They are not of Complexion red or pale,
 But a sweet mixture of the Flesh and Blood,
 As if both Roses were confounded there.
 Their Stature, neither Dwarf nor Gyantish,
 But in a comely well-dispos'd Proportion ;
 And all so like their Mother, that indeed
 They are all mine, and I am each of them.
 When in the midst of Dangers, I stand up,
 A wary Confidence betwixt Fear and Daring,
 Not so Ungodly bold, as not to be
 Fearful of Heav'n's just Anger when she speaks
 In Prodigies, and tremble at the hazard.

Of my Religion, shake to see my Country
Threatned with Fire and Sword, be a stark Coward
To any thing, may blast my Reputation :
But I can scorn the worst of Poverty,
Sickness, Captivity, Banishment, Grim Death,
If she dare meet me in the Bed of Honour ;
Where, with my Country's Cause upon my Sword,
Not edg'd with Hope or Anger, nor made bold
With civil Blood, or customary Danger ;
Nor the Fool's Whetstone, Inexperience ;
I can throw Valour as a Lightning from me,
And then I am the *Amazon* Fortitude !
Give me the moderate Cup of Lawful Pleasures,
And I am *Temperance*. Take me Wealth's just Steward,
And call me *Liberality* ; with one Hand
I'll gather Riches home, and with the other
Rightly distribute 'em ; and there observe
The Persons, Quantity, Quality, Time and Place.
And if in great Expences I be set
Chief Arbitress, I can in glorious Works,
As raising Temples, Statues, Altars, Shrines,
Vestures, and Ornaments to Religion, be
Neither too Thrifty, nor too Prodigal ;
And to my Country the like Mean observe,
In building Ships and Bullwarks, Castles, Walls,
Conduits, Theatres, and what else may serve
For Use or Ornament : And at Home be Royal
In Buildings, Gardens, costly Furniture ;
In Entertainments free and hospitable,
With a Respect to my Estate and Means,
And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence* ;
As *Magnanimity*, when I wisely aim
At greatest Honours, if I may deserve 'em,
Not for Ambition, but for my Countries Good ;
And in that Vertue all the rest do dwell.
In lesser Dignities I want a Name ;
And when I am not over patient,
To put up such gross Wrongs as call me Coward,
But can be angry, yet in that observe

What

What Cause hath mov'd my Anger, and with whom;
 Look that it be not suddain, nor too thirsty
 Of a Revenge, nor violent, nor greater
 Than the Offence; know my time when, where
 I must be angry, and how long remain so;
 Then, then you may surname me *Mansuetude*!
 When in my Carriage and Discourse, I keep
 The Mean that neither flatters nor offends,
 I am that Vertue the well-natur'd Court
 Gives Name, and shou'd do, being—*Courtesy*.
 'Twixt *fl.*, dissembling, and proud Arrogance,
 I am the Vertue Time calls Daughter, *Truth*.
 Give me my Sword and Ballance rightly sway'd,
 And *Justice* is the Title I deserve.
 When on this Stage I come with innocent Wit,
 And Jest that have more of the Salt than Gall,
 That move the Laughter and Delight of all,
 Without the Grief of one; free, chaste Conceits;
 Not scurril, base, obscene, illiberal,
 Or contumelious Slanders, I am then
 The Vertue they have term'd *Urbanity*!
 To whom, if your least Countenance may appear,
 She vows to make her constant Dwelling here.
 My Daughters now are come.—

The SONG.

The Mask, wherein all the Vertues dance together.

Med. You have seen all my Daughters, Gentlemen:
 Chuse you Wives hence; you that are Batchellors
 Can find no better; and the Marry'd too
 May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former Wives.
 Two may have the same Wife, and the same Man
 May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamy;
 • He that weds most is chastest; These are all
 The Daughters of my Womb; I have five more,
 The happy Issue of my Intellect,
 And thence surnam'd the Intellectual Vertues.
 They now attend not on their Mother's Train,
 We hope they act in each Spectator's Brain.—
 I have a Niece besides, a beautiful One,

My

My Daughter's dear Companion—lovely Friendship,
A Royal Nymph! Her we present not too,
It is a Vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Choro cantantium.

Bird. O Sister, what a glorious Train they be!

Flow. They seem to me the Family of Love. —

But is there such a Glass, good *Roscius*?

Rosc. There is; sent hither by the Great *Apollo*,
Who is the World's bright-Eye, and every Day
Set in his Car of Light, surveys the Earth
From East to West; who finding every Place
Fruitful in nothing but fantastick Follies,
And most ridiculous Humours, as he is
The God of Physick, thought it appertain'd
To him to find a Cure to purge the Earth
Of Ignorance and Sin, two Grand Diseases,
And now grown Epidemical: Many Receipts
He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*
In every Garden—But none pleas'd like this.
He takes our Water from the *Muses* Spring,
And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd
Into a Christial—That being done, he makes
A Mirrour with it: and instills this Vertue,
That it should, by Reflection, shew each Man
All his Deformities both of Soul and Body,
And cure 'em both.—

Flow. Good Brother let's go see it!
Saints may want something of Perfection.

Rosc. The Glass is but of one day's continuance;
For *Pluto*, thinking if it should cure all,
His Kingdom wou'd grow empty, (for 'tis Sin
That peoples Hell) went to the Fates, and bid 'em
Spin it too short a Thread; (for every Thing,
As well as Man, is measur'd by their Spindle.)
They, as they must obey, gave it a Thread
No longer than the Beasts of *Hyppanis*,
That in one Day is spun, drawn out, and cur.
But *Phæbus*, to requite the black God's Envy,

Will,

Will, when the Glass is broke, transfuse her Vertue
To live in *Comædie*—If you mean to see it,
Make haste.—

Flow. We will go Post to Reformation. *Exeunt.*

Rosc. Nor is the Glas of so short Life I fear,
As this poor Labour—our distrustful Author
Thinks the same Sun that rose upon her Cradle,
Will hardly set before her Funeral :
Your gracious and kind Acceptance may
Keep her alive from Death ; or when she's dead,
Raise her again, and spin her a new Thread.

Re-Enter Flowdew and Bird.

Flow. This Ignorance even makes Religion sin,
Sets Zeal upon the Rack, and stretches her
Beyond her length— Most blessed *Looking-Glass*,
That didst instruct my blinded Eyes to Day,
I might have gone to Hell the Narrow Way !

Bird. Hereafter I will visit Comedies,
And see 'em oft ; they are good Exercises !—
I'll teach Devotion now a milder Temper,
Not that it shall lose any of her Heat
Or Purity, but henceforth shall be such, *(Exeunt.)*
As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

EPILOGUS.

Roscius solus.

THE Stage (*the Muses Looking-glass*) is meant
Your selves unto your selves still to present.
A Soldier shall himself in Hector see,
Grave Councillors, Nestor, view themselves in thee.
When Lucrece Part shall on our Stage appear,
Every chaste Lady sees her Shadow there.
Nay, come who will, for our indifferent Glasses
Will shew both Fools and Knaves, and all their Faces,
To vex and cure 'em. — But we need not fear,
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a fair Soul, and a beauntious Face,
Will visit oft the Muses Looking-glass.

F I N I S.

